

Children's Newspaper, February 10, 1940

CN CALLING

Be noble; and the noble-
ness that lies
In other men sleeping,
but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to
meet thine own.

James Russell Lowell

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**ARCTIC CITY
OF
WONDER**

See page 6

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Thursday 2d

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

LOST JOHN OF MUMMY LEDGE

See
Middle
Pages

Evacuee Stories

WHATEVER may be said about Evacuation when these days are over, one good thing will stand out: it will be admitted everywhere that it was excellent to have this good mixing of town and country.

A teacher friend of ours says there will be other good things to stand out, such as the wide extension of out-of-school activities: gardening, nature studies, outdoor games, boot-repairing, making and mending clothes. Some London boys have been taking a strong part in church choirs, and others have joined the Scouts and Guides.

All this has meant a widening of the background of life for these children, and it is beyond question that evacuees have benefited tremendously—physically, mentally, and socially.

It is true that the pull of home is always with the evacuees, and they have been delighted to go back to visit Daddy. One little lad, who had paid a lady the compliment of calling her Queen, said to her, "Queen, I've going home today, but I've not going to cry cos I've coming back tomorrow."

Two brothers, five and three, with enough energy in them for half a little army, found it difficult to be still in the house for any length of time until an idea was hit upon to which they warmly responded. They were encouraged to be statues, and were capital at posing. If they were told to be Two Brothers Very Quiet they would sit facing each other looking like little angels. They would go behind a curtain, which they would draw open as they walked through, saying, "Ladies and Gentlemen, here come two statues." They loved most of all to copy the bronze figure of the Boy with the Thorn, and both would sit for minutes pulling out the imaginary thorn from the foot. If they were given a stick they would be Joan with her sword, copying another bronze figure in the library.

LITTLE Daniel Hogan of Bellingham, who went down into Kent, is three, and is the dearest little fellow. If Big Brother John (aged five) pretends to be asleep Daniel must pretend to be awake. If Brother John is on sentry-go at Buckingham Palace Daniel must sentry-go too. If Brother John tells a story Daniel must cap it with a terrific tale. "This is the story of a cow," he will say on Monday, and on Tuesday, "This is the story of a cow—but it is another cow."

It is perfectly true that a gipsy we know, having been given a bed by a farmer one night, found himself unable to sleep in it and got out and slept on the floor; and some of our evacuees have had much the same experience. One of them wrote home that "You don't sleep on the floor here, but in a bed with lovely white clothes over you. Under the bed is all waste."

A child of twelve, the little mother of seven children in an East End home, was filled with wonder when they put her to bed for the first time in the country. "Fancy (she wrote), they

have different clothes to sleep in, and I have a beautiful pink dress with lace and ribbons."

ONE of the bright young lads was a town Jimmy who explained to somebody that he had been *evaporated to Bath*, and it was this same Jimmy who went to the milking-sheds on a farm and was staggered to see all the trouble the farmer had to get milk from the cow, explaining that at home the milkman brought it in a nice clean bottle.

ONE lady told her evacuees to take the broken eggshells from the breakfast table and throw them to the chickens, whereupon one of the boys asked in astonishment, "Why? Will the chickens fill them up again, lady?"

It has been a constant source of surprise to some of the children to see men digging up things from the ground, or to see growing the familiar fruits they have always bought from the shops. One child was watching a man digging potatoes, and exclaimed, "I thought taters came off the stalls."

WE may all feel a little sympathy with the town boy who was sent to a farm in Yorkshire and was having the time of his life when his mother was suddenly shocked to find him back again in Hull. He had run away because he had heard the farmer say that he would have the *threshing machine out tomorrow*.

It would be interesting to have a good collection of the Sayings of Evacuees; we have received just a few.

One of them told his mother that "You don't buy old clothes here—Uncle took us to a shop and bought us new coats and shoes and everything."

Another reported home that the people were very funny at his house—they never said you mustn't eat too much.

One little lad wrote home that cats were very badly treated, having no proper food delivered at the door, but having to eat Auntie's meat on a plate.

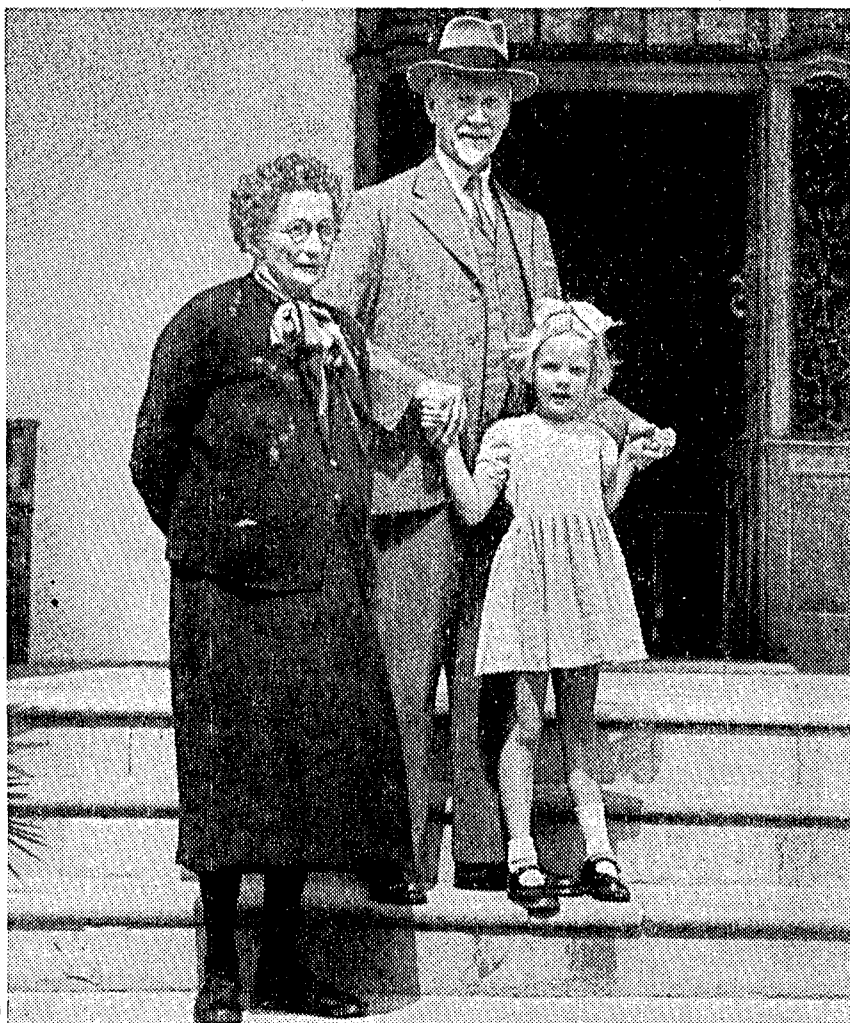
Most of them are happy enough, probably feeling like the boy who "never said no Amens to war prayers, because I don't want to go back."

Continued on page 2

Jan Smuts of the British Empire



General Smuts admires the flowers in the garden of Groote Schuur



General and Mrs Smuts with their granddaughter Cecile Weyers on the steps of Groote Schuur, former home of Cecil Rhodes and now the official residence of South Africa's Prime Minister

DREAM COME TRUE

A Little Citizen's Library

One more dream has come true. It is that of the Little Citizen's League of Western Australia, an admirable movement founded by Mrs A. E. Joyner long ago.

It was one of its dreams to have a Children's Library in Perth, and at last the City Council has given the league a cottage, which has been remodelled to make a most excellent library, with wide verandahs. All round it is a green lawn dotted with shrubs and trees, where boys and girls may realise the poet's dream—Oh, for a book and a shady nook!

Two things we are glad to see: coloured discs marking different types of books, and wash-basins for the children to use before coming into their kingdom. It is all delightful, and the C.N. sends its greetings to the first Children's Library in Western Australia. There is something new in the British Empire every day, and this is the new thing we have heard of this week. May its good work go on for ever.

The Old Sahara Car

There are amateur dramatic players in almost every village in England, but few so famous as the Village Players of Great Hucklow, a tiny Derbyshire hamlet near Bradwell. The other night they staged Dr Knock, and for this they needed an antique. They got one, and besides being antique it has a history, for it was no other than the bodywork of the car in which Sir Percy Scott crossed the Sahara in 1905. It has lain in a garage at Bradwell ever since.

This society is fortunate in having Mr L. Du Garde Peach as its inspiration, and it plays in an old barn which the members converted themselves.

The Child and the Doctor

A Surrey reader of the C.N. has pointed out that our recent comment on the stopping of medical inspection of children by the Surrey County Council is a little misleading. While it is true that routine inspection has been stopped, excellent medical services are still available for any child whose parents ask for it, or for whom the head teacher considers a medical examination is necessary. Whereas individual cases are taken to the clinics, groups may be visited by the doctor at school. Dental inspection, too, is continued as usual. The C.N. apologises to the Surrey authorities for any sense of injustice its paragraph may have aroused.

The Great Frost

The Great Frost has been unparalleled this century in England. The Thames was frozen for eight miles, ice was a foot thick on reservoirs, the sea froze as it touched the Sussex shore, trains were many hours late, even more than a day.

From one Kent village we have this note: Baker's car stalled on the hill; out all day from 6.15 a.m. to 9 p.m. Milkman delayed till 2 p.m.; left bottles at end of lane. Butcher's boy out all day with nothing to eat.

The Red Admiral Again

When a C.N. friend in the country brought in the firewood from his shed at the beginning of this month there was a Red Admiral hidden among the logs. It was taken into the warm room, and for quite a long time kept expanding its wings to the full and then folding them—doing "cabby's exercise."

That Man Again

An unknown benefactor walked into Blackburn Infirmary the other day with £57, and as he did so he said "It's that man again." Quite right too, for this stranger has long been doing this.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

Both America and Britain have lost a true friend in Mr Edward Stephen Harkness. In his native land he devoted his wealth to the care of children and to higher education; in this country he gave £2,000,000 to found the Pilgrim Trust, and endowed travelling scholarships.

The Editor regrets an error in A Cup of Tea on page four. The generous village was Blechingley in Surrey, though the resourceful nurse was a Yorkshire woman.

General Smuts has triumphed over General Hertzog's party in South Africa by a majority of 22 in favour of carrying on the war.

The other day a French schoolboy came to a British corporal with a problem in English he could not solve. The corporal quickly enlightened him, and now each day he is surrounded by French schoolboys who bring to him their English tasks!

Sidney Fowler, 14 years, of Estoft, Yorkshire, who has just left school to work on the land, claims a world record for school attendance; he has not been late or absent for 11 years.

A 13-year-old boy who wanted to see his parents donned his roller skates and skated about 30 miles from Datchet to Poplar; it took him four hours.

The scholars of Dawes Road Congregational Church at Fulham have just sent £5 for a new hospital in Madagascar, completing a sum of £155 collected in farthings during 18 years.

A heron rescued in the frost at Greenford in Middlesex, warmed in front of the fire, and given a meal, bit a police-sergeant's nose and compelled him to poultice it all night.

The Guide and Scout News Reel

Lanarkshire Guides have set themselves the task of raising £350 to send an ambulance to the Finnish Guides.

The Shamrock Patrol of the Preesall Guides have adopted eight crocodiles, which have been evacuated to Chester Zoo. To pay for their keep the Guides are making and selling produce.

The Esher Guides have adopted the crew of the Submarine Shark, and supply them with comforts.

Most of the cinemas in the Gaumont circuit have agreed to collect their tinfoil, and are expecting the Guides to call for it.

Companies of Guide Cadets are being formed in London for refugees from Germany, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia.

Evacuee Stories

Continued from page 1

One group of children came in from a walk reporting that they had found wild apples growing in a field.

Two evacuees ran up to the farmer's wife who was looking after them.

"Look what we've found," they said, "potatoes growing wild in the fields. All you have to do is to bend down and help yourself, and there are thousands and thousands of them."

The children had come upon one of the farmer's big potato pies, some of which are a hundred feet long and more.

FROM Lancashire comes this story of two small boys who were standing outside the closed doors of a museum when the curator happened to come up.

"Please," said one of the boys, "may we come in and see the things?"

"I'm sorry," replied the curator, "the museum is closed at present owing to the war."

When the crew of the Swedish steamer Gothia landed on an uninhabited island off the west coast of Scotland the men in a village some miles away saw their light and, launching a boat, fetched the exhausted men to their village, where they joined a wedding feast.

A monk's chair looted at the Dissolution of the Monasteries 400 years ago has been traced to Seaford in Sussex and restored to Christchurch Priory by the owner.

Eight Old Ackworth boys have gone to Finland as an ambulance unit, taking with them ten ambulances and four supply vehicles.

Goulondris Brothers of London have sent £45 to the Lifeboat Institution in gratitude for the help of the lifeboat at Walmer which took a doctor to one of their steamers in a heavy sea and brought a sick member of the crew ashore.

During an air-raid on Helsinki a civil engineering examination was being held at the University, and the students were marched to a shelter, where the examination was continued, one of the students winning his degree.

Going through the day's list of donations, the Appeal Secretary of Westminster Hospital came upon a box containing silver paper from Queen Mary.

After the Helsinki steamer Onto had been mined in the North Sea Wilfred Burgess of Gateshead went back on board for a knife to cut the davit ropes of a lifeboat.

Owing to the snow, mails were taken from Hlythe to Dymchurch by a woman on horseback not long ago.

The 5th Mansfield Troop has converted three empty cottages into headquarters, every bit of the work having been done by the boys.

We have just heard there are now 70 Scouts at Rotuma, in far-off Fiji.

Scouts in Mombasa and Nairobi are working hard on National Service, some as messengers and despatch riders, others doing night patrol.

Sergeant Jack Brister of the R.A.F., killed in action in the famous raid over the Heligoland Bight and buried at Wesermünde, was the 19-year-old Assistant Scoutmaster of the 17th Epping Forest Troop.

Newfoundland Scouts at Port Saunders have provided the community with a Scout Cobblers Shop.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Philippics. The speeches of Mr Churchill are being called Philippics. This is the great word which history has given to the three speeches which the Athenian orator Demosthenes delivered against Philip of Macedon. Having realised the designs of this despot, Demosthenes used all his energies to rouse the Athenians to their duties.

Balaclava Helmet. The woollen head-coverings which are now being knitted for our fighting men are so called because they were made in vast numbers during the Crimean War. The Battle of Balaclava was the most memorable event in the campaign.

Jerkin. This word for a short waistcoat has come into use again as the name of the white garments to be worn by police in the Blackout. It is from the Dutch word Jurken, a little frock.

Lake Ladoga. The Finns call this great expanse of water Laatokka, and are proud of their share of it, for it is the biggest lake in Europe, covering about 7000 square miles, 129 miles long and 78 wide. It has many islands, the island of Valamo containing a monastery founded in 960. Ladoga receives waters from both Russian and Finnish lakes, while its own waters are borne to the Gulf of Finland by the River Neva.

Great Adventure of a Lifeboat

A German liner, the Windhuk, escaped from Lobito, in Portuguese West Africa, last November, and for some reason one of its lifeboats got away with five officers on board.

The Windhuk herself duly arrived at Santos, in Brazil, and was interned; the lifeboat turned north, and on November 16 called at the Spanish island of Annabon, some 300 miles out in the Atlantic. It continued up the west coast of Africa, keeping well out to sea, and got supplies from a Spanish fishing boat. It was not until January 19 that the lifeboat reached the Canary Islands.

Every Nation Has Lost a Friend

M. Giuseppe Motta has passed away, and all Europe feels his loss.

He had been Foreign Secretary of Switzerland for many years and five times its President, but is best known as a great friend of the League.

Ever since the first Assembly of the League of Nations in Geneva Englishmen could be sure of meeting M. Motta, for he was always there, and was always a power to be reckoned with. Whenever a crisis arose he was sought out to reconcile divergent views, and over and over again as he spoke animosities changed into hearty cheers, and delegates crowded to shake him by the hand as he descended from the tribune.

A Man of Tomorrow

We hear from Bournemouth of a boy brought before the Juvenile Court, charged with a cycling offence. A man in whose charge he was appeared for him and said, "Our only complaint about him is that we can't stop him working. He's over-industrious, and is never happy unless he's hard at it."

On being fined five shillings the boy made a deep bow to the magistrates.

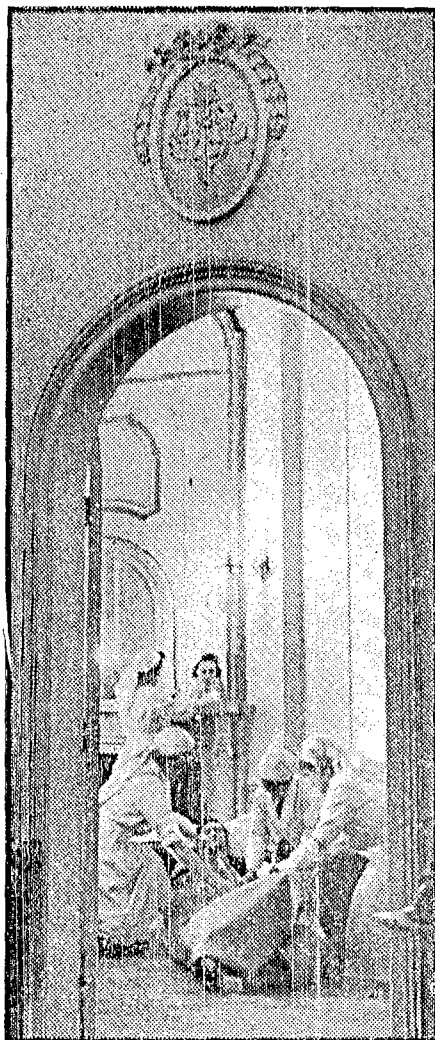
THINGS SEEN

A wild duck flying in the window of an aeroplane as it landed.

A butterfly fluttering about at a council meeting in Hull Guildhall.

Country doctors going their rounds on horseback in the Great Frost.

Snow as high as the hedges in Kent lanes.



A peep at a First Aid practice in the royal waiting-room at Paddington, which has been converted into a casualty clearing station

Indoors & Outdoors

Silhouettes in an archway in the Temple, the London legal sanctuary near the Law Courts



Keeping the Home Fires Burning

MAYOR LA GUARDIA, New York's chief magistrate, has already made his appearance in the C N, where he has been shown as an unconventional, bustling little man, with the will and force of a giant in grappling with the crime and corruption that defaced his city until he was appointed to office.

He gave the King and Queen a rapturous reception on the occasion of their visit to New York last year, and endeared himself to us all by his affectionate enthusiasm at the coming of America's royal guests.

Now he has done another admirable thing, which he has made memorable

by the humour of the method he adopted to attain his end.

With New York recently shivering in twenty or thirty degrees of frost, a strike occurred in the coal trade, so fuel supplies ran short. The mayor invited the warring parties to a conference at the City Hall.

There they were ushered into a cold room, whereupon he turned the key and left them to freeze themselves into agreement. Passions cooled in the frigid temperature, and soon a compromise was reached enabling New York to replenish its supplies and stoke up its fires.

SENTRY DOWN UNDER

It will be a long time before a recruit in a military camp in New Zealand hears the last of this little episode in his career.

He was on sentry duty one night when he noticed that he was not alone. On a mound, watching him pacing up and down, sat a rabbit with a very cocksure expression on its face. It sat there and sat there, obviously delighted at the sentry's antics.

It happened that the sentry was a keen rabbit shooter when not in the army, and he could not bear to see this tempting spectacle of the little rabbit looking at him. He threw caution to the winds, raised his rifle, and shot poor Bunny.

Suddenly the entire guard tumbled out of their beds to see what was the matter, and the next morning, when an inquiry was held, the sentry was severely rebuked and fined sixpence, the cost of the bullet.

RECORDS NOT TO BE BROKEN

Our flying men have broken many records, but they are in want of many more which they will take care not to break.

Many an off-duty hour is whiled away listening to the wireless or gramophone, and anyone with records to spare can be sure the records will be welcome in R A F stations. Please send them to the Officer-in-Charge, R A F Comforts Fund, Berkeley Square House, Berkeley Square, W1.

THE BISON AND THE ANTELOPE

A strange report comes from the Big Game Reserves which the good people of America have made on the Great Plains for the herds of bison and antelope. These splendid beasts, which used to roam in millions over thousands of square miles, have been saved from complete disappearance in the Reserves, but are not the animals they were. They have lost their wild character and are becoming domesticated. This is due to winter-feeding on hay, as well as to care of the young animals and the regulation of breeding. The wild and shaggy bison will soon become a memory, and the antelopes as tame as the deer which beg bread from the tea places at Hampton Court.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Make a sowing of early horn carrots; the general crop may be sown later. Continue to prune all fruit trees except fig and mulberry, which should be left till frosts are past.

When weather permits, push forward with all digging, and the planting of deciduous shrubs. New turf should be laid without delay. When fine ventilate violets, but protect from frost.

FISH ALIVE ON THE BEACH

Something has happened on our northern coast which, so far as can be remembered, has never happened before and may never happen again. Thousands of live fish have been picked up on the beach and sent to market on lorries. All the fishermen had to do was to help themselves to as many haddock, whiting, cod, eels, and other fish as they wanted.

It seems possible that the fish had been stunned by explosions at sea and had been washed ashore before they had had time to recover.

1000 MILES TO A MAN WITH A BROKEN LEG

The longest ambulance flight ever made from Melbourne was made the other day by Captain Frank Roberts.

Leaving Essenden early in the morning in an aeroplane fitted with a stretcher, he flew to Western Queensland via Hay, Bourke, and Quilpie, where he picked up a man with a broken leg. Leaving Quilpie at seven the next morning, he arrived back in Melbourne at three in the afternoon, having flown more than 2000 miles.

A GREAT TRADE SHATTERED

All the Government orders for war work have not sustained the great building industry, which has 300,000 more unemployed than last September.

It is a trade worth £200,000,000 a year, and the bad times have pulled it down. How to restore it in war is difficult, but it should be tried.

The building trade has grown greatly in recent years, and its growth did much to pull the nation out of the worst of unemployment. Now the building trade is shattered and it is feared that when peace comes it will be hard to restore.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of February 1915

The Queer British Empire. Here is an American view of the queerest Empire in the world, taken from a writer in the Chicago Herald, who has been moved by the extraordinary rally of the peoples of the Empire to the British flag.

"Yours of recent date received," says Canada. "Am sending men as fast as they can be gotten ready and transportation secured."

"Reserving for a more auspicious time any hatred a part of our population justifiably bears to England," says South Africa, "we are prepared to do our utmost in the present war."

"Serious local dissatisfaction will arise, sahib, unless Indians are permitted to give their lives for the honourable Empire, now that it is at war with a foreign nation," says India.

It is everywhere the same story. In peace it is, "Confound your stupid, unreasonable, fat-headed, doomed, arrogant soul!" In time of need it is, "Count on us to the limit!"

Which is why we say (the writer concludes) that the British Empire is a queer, queer institution!

AT RICHMOND HILL THE POPPIES GROW

The British Legion carries on in peace for war. Its Poppy Centre at Richmond has just been telling its story for 1938, and we see that it has nearly 400 men working all the time, and that they turned out during the year in poppies or poppy decorations about 29 millions. Altogether they have made since the Great War nearly 600 millions, for which our people have paid over £7,600,000. The annual income began with £106,000 in 1921, and in 1938 had grown to £581,000.

REDWINGS COME SOUTH

From East Kent comes this story of some unusual visitors—and their appetites.

This winter the holly-trees were covered with berries, and as there was plenty of other food the native birds ate few of them.

Recently, however, it was noticed that several of the trees were alive with birds, which proved to be redwings, members of the thrush family notable for the brilliance of their chest and under-wing plumage, rarely seen in such numbers as far south as Kent.

COUNTING THE EVACUEES

We now know how many evacuees have returned home.

Roughly 750,000 unaccompanied school children were evacuated at the end of August, and of those about one in three (or say 250,000) have returned home, leaving 500,000 in the billets to which they were sent.

In addition some 500,000 mothers with young children under five, and blind and crippled people, were evacuated from danger areas. Of these some two out of three (say 330,000) have returned home. So we get:

Unaccompanied children back	250,000
Mothers with children	330,000

Thus a very serious problem will arise if the quiet time of the war passes. The Government thinks, and says plainly, that no evacuee should have returned, and the C N believes that something should even now be done to see that the children go back to safer places.

HOT WATER

How hot should a hot bath be? The water temperature most people can support is about 100 degrees Fahrenheit and no more. But, strange as it may appear, there is a small creature, a crustacean found in some hot springs in Algeria, which can endure a water temperature 15 degrees higher, and likes it.

Ordinarily it lives in hot water at a temperature of about 100 degrees. Its nearest rival is a beetle which in the same springs revels in hot water never below 90 degrees. But there is also a small fish which would die at that temperature yet seeks the part of the springs where it is relatively cool at 72 degrees.

CHEAPER EGGS ON THE WAY

Housewives who are now paying threepence for eggs will hear with relief of a new method of keeping eggs fresh which has been proved by the U S Board of Agriculture.

The eggs are first placed in a vacuum chamber which draws the air from them through the shells; and are then dipped in mineral oil. The oil fills the pores and seals the eggs. Carbon dioxide let into the vacuum chamber completes the process, and the eggs will then keep quite fresh for six months. The cost of the treatment is small, and the cheap egg laid in the spring cannot be distinguished from the dear one laid in the winter.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 10 1940

Our Friends the Dutch

WE are all deeply moved by the anxiety with which our Dutch friends look forward to the future.

There is no more friendly nation on the earth, and we have been looking through some old papers which tell us of the experience an artist friend of ours had in Holland. He was allowed to see a special exhibition of Vermeers in Rotterdam at a time when it was closed to the public; and in one museum they even moved a great picture out of a room so that he could get a better light to copy it by.

In telling us all these things our friend says that once we have fallen under the spell of Vermeer life has a fuller joy and a richer meaning for us. We think we may add that once you have fallen under the spell of Holland your fund of memory is much richer.

A Cup of Tea

PICTURE a convoy of war vehicles a mile long, with 149 men, halting outside a village. The District Nurse passes by and the officer asks her if the men could get tea anywhere.

Yes, if they will wait a minute or two—why not?

Picture Nurse knocking at a dozen doors, a dozen wives putting the kettle on, a dozen kettles singing, and cups being passed down the line of the convoy, with jugs following to fill them with hot tea in next-to-no-time.

We need not be surprised that this happened, for it was in Yorkshire.

A Blackout Prayer

John Ellerton died without knowing what a Blackout means, but we feel that this verse of one of his hymns might well be a prayer for such a time as this.

GRANT us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,

Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;

From harm and danger keep Thy children free,

For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Truth Captive

WE may judge the importance the Hitler Government attributes to the leaflets dropped by our aeroplanes over Germany by the penalty it imposes on those who read them.

Nazism depends for its very existence on the enslavement of the people and the suppression of Truth, and the punishment for picking up and passing on a British leaflet is Death.

We save the Germans from death and offer them the truth instead; the Nazis prefer that they should die rather than know the truth.

How long, O Lord, how long?

JUST AN IDEA

It is true, we think, as we were reading the other day, that we are all more inclined to share our sorrows than our joys.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



BREAK, O GRANITE HEART

THERE is no power in words to measure the anguish the Nazis have brought into the world.

The pitiful stories from Poland, from Bohemia, from Slovakia, from Germany itself, are sometimes more than the human heart can stand. The Nazi heart must have been fashioned from a granite rock.

It will help us to realise something of the depths of suffering (and therefore to be assured again that we fight against evil things) if we take a case that comes into our own experience, for most of us have some example within our own knowledge. There has just come to a friend of the C.N. a letter from the sister of a beautiful French mother whose life is veiled in tragedy so that she does not know that France is once again at war:

She does not know, my poor sister, she does not know her three sons, her three beautiful boys, are engaged in the war, and that the eldest has just had to die on the front of Lorraine.

Oh, dear Monsieur, if you knew! Mother, father, and I have so very much, so very much pain. We are full of sorrow. He was called Michel; always he was grateful to you because you had

given him a boat in which he spent so many happy hours, such calm and happy hours. When he took his leave he was so happy with his boat and the fishes. I helped to arrange his things—and now, and now. Perhaps there is some other work for him to do in the Paradise of God.

He bore all things without complaint, wind, rain, mud, cold, and the terrible watch in the dark night. He was courageous and cheerful; all his letters were gay. In his last letter he told us that his pull-over was very warm, just right, and the cake was excellent—his last cake, my boy Michel, my dear little boy. The sacrifice is hard, but we must make it for the reign of order and justice on our earth.

Michel was 26 years old and was sergeant in the Infantry. His two brothers are in the Artillery, and the youngest is 22.

SUCH is Hitlerism in its consequences in the lives of innocent people outside the borders of its own Slave Country. Such is the bitterness of the price that must be paid if freedom is again to reign on earth and life to be worth living for our children and our children's children.

Crusoe's Choice

A CANADIAN friend has given us something to think about in sending us this story of a little group of people who were shipwrecked on a desert island in the middle of the Pacific.

After many weary months a passing ship saw their plight and sent a boat ashore. But the boat did not land at once; one of the sailors threw a bundle of newspapers on to the beach, shouting that they were from the captain, and saying:

After you've read them he wants to know whether you want to be rescued.

We should like the story to be true, but in any case it sets us thinking of whether we should like to have to choose between life as it is and the life of Robinson Crusoe.

He Knows

WE have been reading another definition of an optimist, this time as a man who sees a light that isn't there, while the pessimist is said to be "the fool who tries to blow it out."

We do not agree: it has always been the idea of the C.N. since it was born that the optimist is the man who knows.

The Long Walk

"It's no good, my lad," the doctor said to one of the first recruits for the war; "you couldn't possibly stand the long marches."

The youth's face dropped, and he looked so utterly miserable that the doctor asked him what was the matter.

"Well, sir," he explained, "I walked 200 miles to get here and I can't bear the thought of walking back!"

Under the Editor's Table

MANY civil servants have been evacuated from London. The Government is turning out some of its best workers.

THERE is a big demand for books on dogs. But they fall off.

A MAN says he hates far-cwell speeches. Can't get away with them.

SOME people turn on their torches too often. They will get turned on themselves.

A GOLF course is being turned into allotments. It will soon be a vegetable course.

THE Germans make hats from rabbit skins. We don't know what is going on over there.

PANTOMIME has beaten the Blackout in the West End. People prefer light entertainment.

SOME children are very good about medicine, says a nurse. Take things easy.

THE Easter egg is to be smaller this year. Break it gently.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If Time Flies with the Air Force

The Event Described Before it Happened

It is remarkable to read these lines from the description of imaginary rivalry in the air between a Briton and a German. They were written by R. Owen Cambridge in 1751.

LET brisker youth their active nerves prepare, Fit their light silken wings and skim the buxom air!

Moved by my words, two youths of equal fire

Spring from the crowd, and to the prize aspire.

The one a German of distinguished fame,

His rival from projecting Britain came. They spread their wings, and with a rising bound

Swift at the word together quit the ground.

The Briton's rapid flight outstrips the wind,

The labouring German urges close behind,

As some light bark, pursued by ships of force

Stretches each sail to swell her swifter course.

The nimble Briton from his rival flies And soars on bolder pinions to the skies.

Harold Goes Back

By The Pilgrim

HAROLD has returned from Yorkshire to his training camp somewhere in the Midlands. His week's leave is over, and he is back with the R.A.M.C.

Everyone loves him, and his return to army life was something of a triumphal procession.

His mother gave him a flask of hot coffee for the journey, with a hamper of all the things he likes best. She also stuffed apples in his greatcoat pocket. His father went with him to the station, helping to carry his kit-bag.

The lady next door met him as he went out of the gate, a pair of socks in her hand. "I've knitted these for you," said she, smiling.

A little way down the street he called to say goodbye to some friends, who filled his pockets with good things. Farther down the street he met a friend who had a brown-paper parcel for him, and at the station was another friend with a cake.

"There's nothing in the world," said Harold as his train steamed out, "so exciting and wonderful as being the victim of many people's kindness."

Five English Kings

Answer to last week's History Poser

THERE were five some-time-kings living at the turn of the years 1470-1471: Henry the Sixth, who had been deposed, did not die till May 1471. Edward the Fourth was reigning; his son, the future Edward the Fifth (the boy-king murdered in the Tower), had been born in November 1470; his uncle, who plotted to succeed him as Richard the Third, and the Henry Tudor who still later came to the throne as Henry the Seventh were also living. They were aged about 49, 28, under a year, 20, and 14.

February 10, 1949

The Children's Newspaper

5

Milton in His Darkness

THOUGH your physician may kindle a small ray of hope, yet I make up my mind to the malady as quite incurable; and I often reflect that, as the wise man admonishes days of darkness are destined to each of us, the darkness which I experience, less oppressive than that of the tomb, is, owing to the singular goodness of the Deity, passed amid the pursuits of literature and the cheering salutations of friendship.

But if, as is written, man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God, why may not anyone acquiesce in the privation of his sight, when God has so amply furnished his mind and his conscience with eyes? While He so tenderly provides for me, while He so graciously leads me by the hand and conducts me on the way, I will, since it is His pleasure, rather rejoice than repine at being blind.

And, my dear Philaris, whatever may be the event, I wish you adieu with no less courage and composure than if I had the eyes of a lynx.

Milton, writing at Westminster in 1654

THE OLD ARMCHAIR

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare To chide me for loving that old arm chair? I've treasured it long as a sainted prize; I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs. 'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart; Not a tie will break, not a link will start. Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there; And a sacred thing is that old armchair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near The hallowed seat with listening ear; And gentle words that mother would give, To fit me to die, and teach me to live. She told me shame would never betide, With truth for my creed and God for my guide; She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer; As I knelt beside that old armchair. 'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now With quivering breath and throbbing brow; 'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died; And memory flows with lava tide. Say it is folly, and deem me weak, While the scalding drops start down my cheek; But I love it, I love it; and cannot tear My soul from a mother's old armchair.

Eliza Cook

Mr Schwab Gets It Over

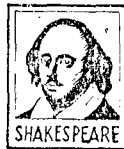
WHEN Charles M. Schwab, the great American ironmaster who befriended us so loyally in the Great War, was presented with the Bessemer Medal by the British Iron and Steel Institute it was a solemn occasion. The toastmaster prefaced all his announcements (Dinner is served, Let us say grace, and so on) with the words, "Mr President, Your Excellencies, My Noble Lords and Gentlemen," and used the same form when introducing the speakers after dinner. Mr Schwab, when called upon, said, even more solemnly than the toastmaster, "Mr President, Your Excellencies, My Noble Lords and Gentlemen." Then, after mopping his brow, he added, "Thank goodness that's over. You see, at home I would start like this: Well, boys."

A Terrible Thing

It is a terrible thing for a distinguished man to be gloried in by fools. Goethe



CARRY ON



Mercy, Peace, and Love

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love All pray in their distress; And to these virtues of delight Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love Is God, our Father dear, And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love Is Man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart, Pity a human face, And Love the human form divine, And Peace the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime, That prays in his distress, Prays to the human form divine, Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form, In heathen, Turk, or Jew; Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell There God is dwelling too.

William Blake

The Understanding Ones

HUMILITY may be taken for granted as existing in every sane human being, but it may be that it most truly manifests itself today in the readiness with which we bow to new truths as they come from the scholars, the teachers, to whom the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

THE WORST FAULT

THE greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Carlyle

The Appeal of Prince Arthur

There have been few more moving appeals for gratitude than this of Arthur to Hubert, who was ordered to put out the little prince's eyes.

WHEN your head did but ache, I knit my handkerchief about your brows (The best I had, a princess wrought it me), And I did never ask it you again: And with my hand at midnight held your head, And like the watchful minutes to the hour, Still and anon cheered up the heavy time; Saying "What lack you?" and "Where lies your grief?"

What a King Cannot Do

A NOBLEMAN of the Court of Henry the Eighth complained to the King that he had been treated most rudely by the famous painter Holbein. But the King, who had a great appreciation of the fine arts, refused to listen. Said he:

Give me seven peasants and I will make as many lords; but of seven lords I could not make one Holbein.

He Shall Direct Thy Paths

TRUST in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.

Proverbs

The Horse That Found Its Friend

AN Irish doctor who was devoted to horses had a favourite mare used only for the saddle. In her way Molly was as much attached to him as he was to her.

One winter night, soon after the clock had struck twelve, three knocks were heard at the front door, a very unusual occurrence in that lonely part of the country.

Getting up to find out the cause, the doctor heard a distinct neigh of a horse, and, on opening the front door, there stood Molly.

"What is the matter, old girl?" he asked. Molly neighed again, and then turned round and proceeded to go back to her stable, which was nearly two hundred yards away.

The doctor followed with a lantern, and found that the doors of her box-stall had been blown wide open, letting in the wind and the rain.

The sagacity of the horse had suggested that in her discomfort she should seek the aid of her best friend, and her best friend, having firmly secured the doors, returned to bed, and heard no more alarms.

ENDURING

MEN can endure the sword-thrusts more easily than the pin-pricks of Fortune.

James Laver

Juliet on the Balcony

JULIET: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark, That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO: It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET: Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales, To be to thee this night a torch-bearer, And light thee on thy way to Mantua: Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO: I have more care to stay than will to go:

Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

JULIET: It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!

It is the lark that sings so out of tune, Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROMEO: More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

The Rock Will Stand

I HAVE the impression that the community understands that nothing can be done in the future except through the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but that through this great things can be accomplished.

I am content and thankful to let myself now be carried along by that which I have preached. How wonderful it is not to have to learn anew that the Rock will stand firm and unshaken amid all that may come against us!

Pastor Niemöller's first letter from prison

CLOUDS OF GLORY

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:

The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar;

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come From God who is our home.

Wordsworth

The Good Friend

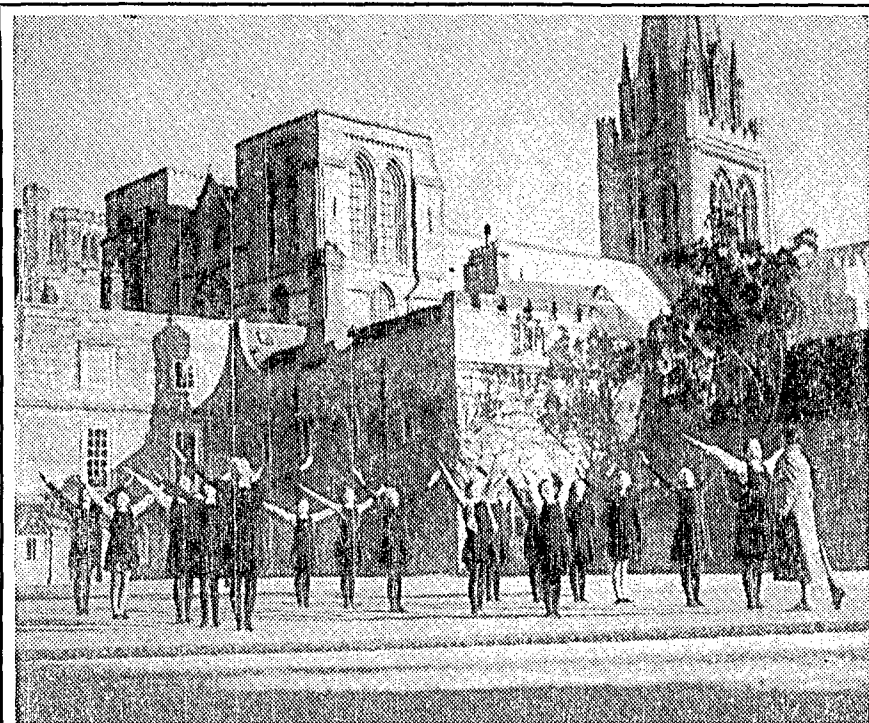
THE mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Addison

The Child in the Man

IN a true man a child lies hidden that longs to play.

Nietzsche



EVACUATED SCHOOLS—I

Physical exercises by girls of Streatham Secondary School in the grounds of the Bishop's Palace at Chichester, with the cathedral in the background

JAMES OF MOUNT DANDENONG

STAMP collectors must all have admired the lyre bird on the Australian shilling stamp, and have wanted to know more about one of the most beautiful and most intelligent of all the world's wild creatures.

These birds are found only in wild forests along the eastern coast of Australia. Extremely shy and elusive, hardly anyone has ever had more than a passing glimpse of one until an amazing friendship grew up between a male lyre bird and Mrs Edith Wilkinson, who lives on Mount Dandenong, 24 miles from Melbourne.

James is his name, and he paid his first visit to Mrs Wilkinson nine years ago. It happened that while gardening one morning she suddenly found herself face to face with a lyre bird who was gazing at her intently. Too thrilled for words, she hardly dared to breathe in case she should frighten him away. She



saw a bird with a body rather like a young guinea-fowl's, a long neck, a beautiful head decorated with a dusty brown crest, and a tail nearly twice as long as his body. After in-

specting her with his intelligent eyes he turned away and began to scratch for his breakfast worm.

From then on he came to see her each day, always at the same time. He became used to the sound of her voice. At first he sang very little, but he gradually gained confidence, and one day he gave a marvellous concert and danced for her. Then Mrs Wilkinson had a shelf built

outside her sitting-room, where the bird comes every day and performs for his friend and for the many visitors who come to see James dance and hear him sing.

The lyre bird is the biggest of all songbirds and one of the world's greatest songsters. It is the male bird who does almost all the singing and who is also the performer of the dance, which is one of the most romantic of all natural history sights.

A Perfect Mimic

Though many Australian birds have the power of mimicry to an amazing degree, the lyre bird is the most efficient of all mocking birds. Its song may be heard a quarter of a mile away.

A stanza of semi-original notes rings out in which the listener recognises a glorious elaboration of the notes of other forest birds. After the song, which usually lasts about 20 minutes, comes the dance, performed on small circular mounds in well-screened positions. The tail, inconspicuous when folded, is swept upright and is thrown, reversed, like a shimmering fan of silver, over his head. Slowly the bird begins to sway gently from one foot to the other, singing enchantingly all the while. There is not a pause nor a dull moment in his song. To a bird-lover nothing is more enthralling than to listen to the bird imitating in quick succession as many as 20 bird calls. The raucous laugh of the kookaburra may be followed by the rollicking yodel of the butcher bird.

But the lyre bird does not only imitate other birds. It is an adept at making a noise like several dogs barking, an axe on a tree, or a broody hen with chickens.

ARCTIC CITY OF WONDER

THERE is a Swedish town 100 miles within the Arctic Circle where anxious eyes must be looking out towards Russia and Germany. It is Kiruna, and to Sweden, if we had peace instead of war, it might well represent one of the highest hopes of industrial, commercial, and social achievement in modern times.

Yes, they are thinking hard about the bustling little mining town of 16,000 people in the wastes of Lapland, both at the Kremlin in Moscow and at the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin, for it is at Kiruna that are worked two mountains of iron from which Sweden draws her vast resources of high-grade iron ore.

These twin mountains are 2500 feet high, but their height is gradually being reduced as the precious rocks are torn down for supplies. The average ore content of the Kiruna iron peaks is 60 per cent, and there are over a thousand million tons of this rich treasure to be exploited here and in other parts of Swedish Lapland. No wonder Hitler and Stalin are interested in Arctic Sweden!

The mining works are run from one of the most fantastic power-stations in the world, a generating plant built underground, its immense turbine-room nearly 200 feet below the surface. Tunnels cut in the rock carry the powerful waters of the River Lulea and the Porjus Falls, the pride of Sweden, into the turbines. If the electrical works were not thus sheltered the torrents of life-giving water would freeze solid in winter-time. It was well worth the colossal effort of construction to ensure smooth working

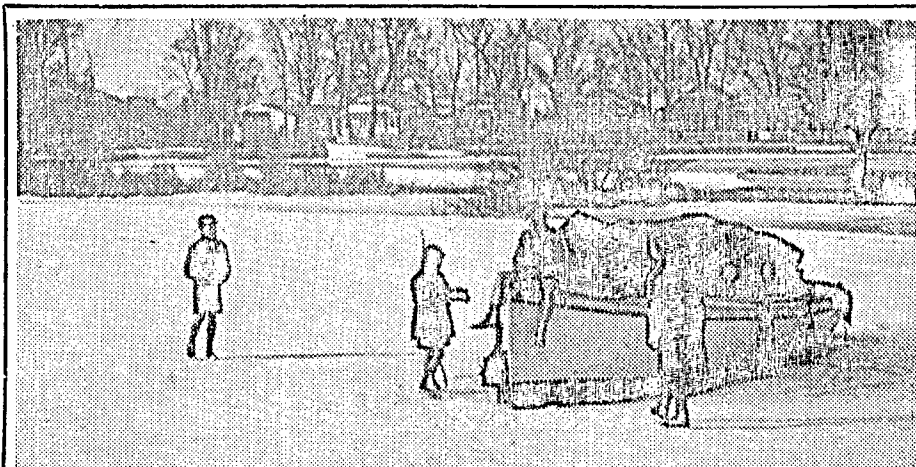
for an electricity plant which not merely wins the vast wealth of the Kiruna iron mines for the Swedes but distributes heat, light, and power throughout the northern part of King Gustav's dominions.

But for the Kiruna power-plant Lapland would still be the trackless icy waste it was for centuries. Owing to these works the province is now being modernised, with homes, schools, and public buildings scattered widely, warm and light and comfortable. A fine electric railway is opening up the vast "reindeer pastures" of yesterday for modern Arctic civilisation.

As for Kiruna itself, it is as bright and modern a city as lovely Stockholm. One day it may become as big as any city in Sweden except the capital. It has been said that the pressure of one button in the depths of Kiruna's subterranean power-house could stop every train in Lapland and cut off all modern Lapland's light and heat.

Kiruna does not want air-raids, but sirens would be no novelty to it. Its sirens scream out three times a day to warn the inhabitants that in ten minutes the next dynamite blast will go off.

Then the good burghers of Kiruna close their mouths and put their fingers in their ears, waiting for the next terrific crash; but when it has passed back they go to normal, hurrying along the sparkling little streets to their factories and offices and homes, made prosperous and comfortable by the twin peaks of iron and the rivers and waterfalls which feed their underground machinery.



THE FROZEN THAMES

For the first time this century pictures, taken on January

Lost John of

OUT of the unending night in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky the story of an Indian miner of long ago has come into the light of day.

His name is as forgotten as that of his Indian tribe, so many centuries have passed since he and they worked by torchlight in the black recesses of this underground world. But those who found him where he lay have named him Lost John, and as Lost John of Mummy Ledge he comes into our lives, as strange a relic of the past as any mummy sunk deep in the tombs of the Valley of the Kings in Egypt.

A Secret of Mammoth Cave

Lost John is himself a mummy, and his mortal remains, sunk in the recesses of the Mammoth Cave, were wonderfully preserved on the ledge of rock where he passed away. The finding of his body has revealed one more of the secrets which the Mammoth Cave has grudgingly yielded up.

The Mammoth Cave gets its name not from the discovery of any remains of mammoths, but because it is the father of all underground caverns, vaster than any other. It has everything, underground lakes and lost rivers, cascades, columns and stalactites, lofty halls with floors acres in extent, roofs 100 feet above them, and a maze of passages winding for 150 miles.

Such is the Mammoth Cave as the white man in the course of 130 years has gradually unveiled its mysteries. Lost John knew not a hundredth part of them, but his people knew some of them well. They knew the lofty cavern now named the Rotunda, for there they dug for saltpetre through long generations.

How long? Who can tell? Surely for hundreds of years before the white explorers set foot on the land of the Red Man; and it may be for many centuries before that. These miners who worked in a darkness lit by torches had tools only of stone, but their forefathers had gradually thrown off their fears of Spirits lurking in the cave, and had braved the terrors lurking beyond the natural 70-foot-wide arch and the cascade behind it.

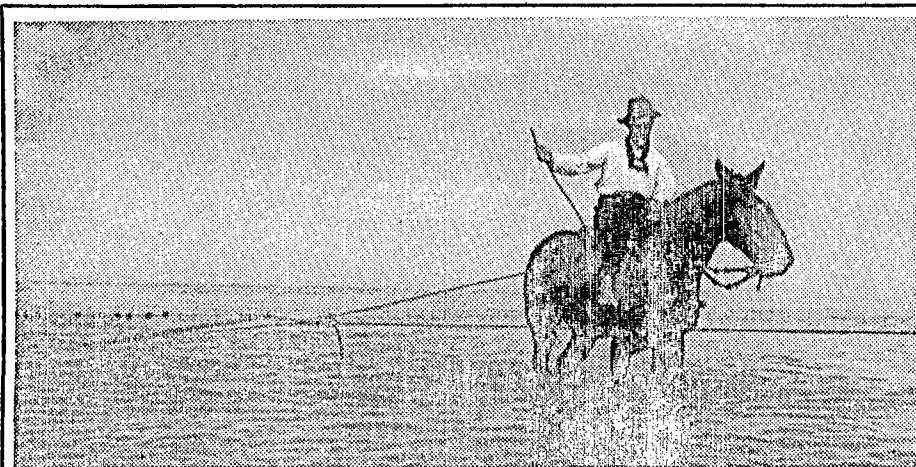
At certain times of the year a rushing, mighty wind pours out of the cave. The first explorers of the Red Men braved that terror and many another. Others followed into this region of Darkest Kentucky. It became not a cave of terror but a mine!

Footsteps of miners have left their prints through the ages. Here and there was a stringed sandal, often finely woven, always a single sandal and never a pair. (Tramps today, we may note in passing, always leave only one old boot by the roadside.) Then there are remains of torches which mark the way taken to the saltpetre quarries. A strange picture these miners make trudging along in the dust, their torches held aloft to guide their way.

In Search of Gypsum

Lost John was one of them. He trudged along in his rope sandals for more than two miles, throwing down one torch as it burnt low and lighting another, till at last he came to what he sought. But it was not saltpetre, part of the Red Indian's daily food; it was something rarer, a luxury and not a necessity. It was gypsum.

And why was John going so far for gypsum? From gypsum was made the



SEA HORSE & LAND SHIPS

On the left is a Chinese peasant



1 the Thames has frozen over from bank to bank within a few miles of London. These 2, show boys on the ice at Walton and a tug used as an icebreaker at Teddington.

Mummy Ledge

white paint which streaked the faces of the chiefs when they went forth to war. It had magic in it, as the priest-doctors knew. Very precious it was, and John sought the rare gypsum rather than the common saltpetre.

See him now as he sets out on a day of autumn, reed torches in his hand, munching his meagre meal of hickory nuts. He has two miles of broken road to go in the darkness. One of his torches goes out and is cast away. But he comes at last to the vein of sacred gypsum. His torch, throwing flickering lights and shadows, picks out the narrow ledge high above the floor of the cave where the treasure awaits him.

The Great Limestone Block

He is in no haste. It is cool but not cold in the cavern, and he wraps his fibre blanket closer round him, not for warmth but for more convenience in climbing to the ledge. He has been before, and makes his preparations, laying two bundles of oak sticks in a niche for lighting him at his work, and a long bundle of dry reeds as well, close by on the slope up to the ridge. Then, ready at last, he climbed cautiously under a great block of limestone that had lain on the ledge perhaps since Man's beginnings. It looked immovable. John never doubted that it was, as he knelt on the loose sand of the ledge and began to chip away the gypsum with a chunk of limestone.

It was slow work. He was cramped and moved his left foot for greater ease. *That was the end of John the Miner.*

His foot dislodged some small keystone which was all that kept the mighty block of stone above him in

its place. Its six-stone weight crashed down on him, pinning him to the ledge. If he cried out none heard his cry. None came to help, nor could have helped had they come.

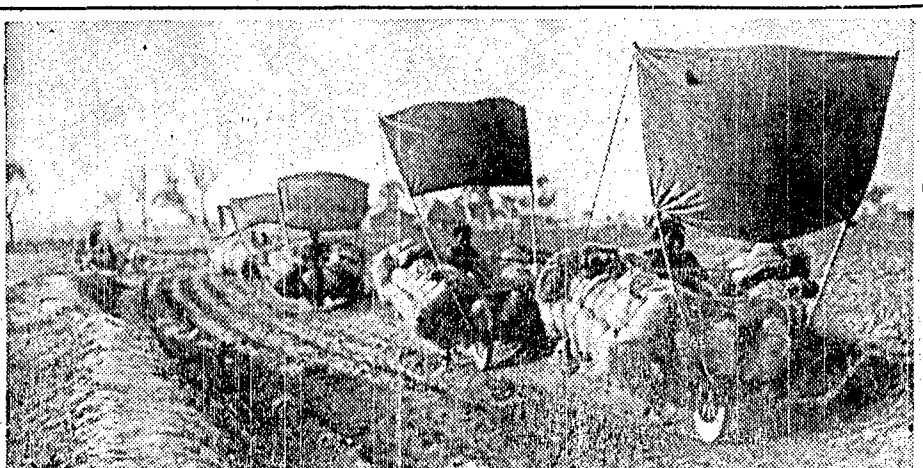
Yet John's story was not ended, nor was he entirely lost, for his poor remains were found by two scientific men of our time, Mr Campbell and Mr Cutliff, who were searching for relics of Indian occupation or use of the Mammoth Cave in the distant past.

Here and there a string sandal, here and there traces of smoke and fire, led them at last to the ledge which was poor John's sepulchre. On it sand had drifted, soot from centuries of torches had blackened it, though no foot had paused by it. Yet close to it were reeds, some burnt, and others not yet fallen into dust, which John had carried, and something like a sandal and some shreds of clothing that might have belonged to him.

John the Mummy

These were all that remained of his possessions to tell the sort of man he was. But the strange chemistry of the cave had preserved his body as carefully as if he had been a Pharaoh of old Egypt, sunk in his rocky tomb in the Valley of the Kings. All that is left of poor John is in fact a mummy; but he is richer in fame than if he had died a revered wise man in the odour of sanctity.

The limestone block which pinned him down was raised by the authorities in Washington and his body rescued. His tale is told, and the poor Red Indian, Lost John of Mummy Ledge, becomes one of the forefathers of American prehistory.



1 Saicho fisherman of South America using a horse to haul in his net; on the right are 2 taking produce to market helped by the wind in the sails of their wheelbarrows.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN HOAX

THE Nazis have had probably the disappointment of their lives in Russia, for the Russians, the millions and millions of Russians, did not come to their aid.

It is strange that the Allies in the Great War had the same disappointment, or so, at any rate, had their peoples, for everywhere in France and England it was rumoured that the Russians were coming over to the Western Front. It was one of the most remarkable war rumours ever put successfully into circulation.

The story is worth telling now, for it is a warning to beware of current stories of war movements.

Russia, the mighty Russia of the Tsars, was, of course, one of our chief allies in 1914, and it was confidently expected that she would deal hammer blows at the German and Austrian Empires. She was called a Steam-roller that would flatten out Germany!

This belief in Russian power set going in 1914 a gigantic hoax—a circumstantial story that Russian troops had landed in Scotland and were being

secretly passed through England and over the Channel to France.

A great stroke if true, and its truth was widely believed. Who started the story no one knows, but every house in the land had heard from someone details of the strategy. Some had seen the trains in Scottish or English stations, waiting while bearded and befurred Russians refreshed themselves. Others had seen the trains with blinds drawn to prevent leakage of the great news to the enemy. Others had again definite figures of tremendous proportions. Thus the Germans were to be overwhelmed by Russians both on the east and on the west.

Weeks passed before the public was disabused. There was nothing at all in the rumour, but it was only with the greatest reluctance that many people could be persuaded that they had been hoaxed. As for the people who saw the trainloads of Russians, we may class them with the people who have seen the Indian Rope Trick or with the Fleet Street quacks who see things in the stars that are not there.

ISLAND ANIMALS

ST KILDA, having been deserted by its human inhabitants, is now a sanctuary for bird life and such small animals as find a living there, and naturalists are keeping an eye on it to see how wild life flourishes in the absence of competition with man.

Birds, like the unique St Kilda wren, and all things that can fly away and return if they desire, should profit by the change; but that law does not apply to all forms of life found in islands. Left to themselves larger creatures diminish in size and numbers and become threatened with extinction unless they can recruit new blood from elsewhere.

The isle of Arran is a case in point. Apparently deer, which are fine swimmers, reached it from the mainland long ago, for even last century there was not a man old enough to remember a deerless Arran. But the Arran deer were small and poor.

So 80 years ago a young herd of 20 deer from the stock of Lord Derby at Knowsley was introduced into the island. These prospered wonderfully, and within the next 21 years majestic stags, with immense antlers and weighing nearly 30 stone, were found on the island.

Then, as with the earlier stock, a decline set in; numbers grew less and the size of the deer degenerated. To maintain the quality of the herd it was necessary to introduce new blood on no fewer than nine occasions within the next 20 years, and the same story may have been repeated since.

The original herd crossed the Clyde to the island unaided, yet never a stoat, a fox, or a weasel found its way there; there are none of these animals in Arran. Badgers there are in plenty, introduced by a former owner of the island.

Naturalists are now beginning to study the wild life of St Kilda.

THE DOCTOR & HIS GLACIER

WHEN a tourist arrives in front of the huge Rhone glacier in Switzerland, the magnificent glacier giving birth to the Rhone River, does he realise, we wonder, that it is private property?

In 1850 the estate of Gletsch belonged to a group of people who built an inn on the Furka Pass, where travellers rest and enjoy the beautiful sight of the glacier, and the inn did so well that it soon became a great hotel. Several years passed by and the prefect of the district purchased the estate, including the hotel of the Furka Pass. Several more years elapsed, and the hotel built a road leading to the glacier, opened a grotto to tourists, and made of the area one of the most remarkable sights in Switzerland.

In 1925 the owner of the hotel, Joseph Seiler, passed on, leaving the glacier and its appendages to his son Hermann. Then the State of Valais claimed the ownership of the glacier, and Dr Seiler took legal action.

"Struggle of the pot of earth against the pot of iron!" people began to say.

This did not intimidate Dr Seiler, who maintained his rights and gained the victory; but in 1933 the State once more took up the offensive, issuing a Bill which transferred all "uncultivated properties" to the district in which they were located. The glacier thus automatically became the property of the district of Oberwald. At this Dr Seiler did not hesitate to take his case to law again, and the property was returned to him.

However, a new issue had arisen out of these trials. Could glaciers be private property at all? The French Civil Code enumerated properties which could be privately owned, but glaciers were not on the list. As to the State of Valais, in which the glacier was located, it had no code of public rights at all.

Now it was that the highest jurisdiction of Switzerland, the Federal Tribunal, finally attributed to Dr Seiler the 25 miles of caves, ice, mountains, and pastures lying between the Furka and the Grimsel, thus making him the greatest landowner in the Republic.

The Great School Camp Idea

START OF A FAR-REACHING EXPERIMENT

It is unfortunate that the Camp School Experiment should have to begin work in one of the hardest winters on record.

The Camp Corporation, which was entrusted with the building of 31 Government camps for children, has a dozen ready, and each camp can take some 200 children. The huts are of cedar wood, that needs no painting and is not affected by weather.

It is a most interesting experiment, which may lead to great peace-time development; but the beginning is beset with difficulty, as beginnings always are. There is no reason why such camps, with their full provision of land and prospect of healthy life, should not succeed, but much will depend on the spirit in which they are run.

The camps were originally planned as rural centres for children's summer holidays. It is hoped that parents who may be unwilling to see their children evacuated to billets may prefer to send them to these camps, where they will be in charge of competent teachers. The teachers are to have free board and lodging.

A Boy's Appeal

Moved by a discussion raised by Canon Shirley of King's School, Canterbury, concerning the idleness and lack of training of boys from 16 to 20, a lad writes to The Times describing his case. We give part of what he says:

I am 19 years of age and volunteered for the RAF on the outbreak of war, passing my medical tests.

I left Dulwich College at the age of 16, with no prospects of specialised training before me, and have had several jobs, including labourer, spray-painter, and commercial traveller, none of which would I have chosen had I not been financially embarrassed. Now, however, I can get no employment whatever.

While I am waiting to be called up I naturally look forward to any scheme which will put an end to this inactivity.

Here is a willing boy idle for want of a proper social organisation. Unhappily, we know of willing and skilful young men in the same fix; one we know who has tried in vain at half a dozen great works.

A Voiceless Wonder

Children will miss an old favourite when they next visit the Zoo, for Maudie, the oldest and gentlest of the giraffes, has gone. She was nearly 20 years old and had been in London over 16 years after a stay of nearly two years in an Egyptian zoo.

For some undiscovered reason Maudie was only 13 feet high, a good foot short of the average height of female giraffes.

Boxer, the young giraffe born at Whipsnade, well illustrated the rate of growth with which Nature endows these strange and beautiful animals. Measuring 62 inches in height at birth, it grew 14 inches in its first week, more than doubled its size in two years, and now stands over 11 feet.

As the whale is the biggest of all animals, living or dead, the giraffe is the tallest of all. It has a very restricted type of existence, and it has this peculiarity—that of all the warm-blooded animals it is the only one without a voice. Giraffes are mute.

A Thing of Beauty

Biggleswade Church has a new treasure, an altar cloth begun ten years ago by a girl who was learning embroidery. She worked one corner and then passed the work on to four other needlewomen. Now it is finished, and one more thing of beauty is, we may hope, a joy for ever.

ESCAPE FROM DEFEAT

When We Were Within Sight Of It

WE hear so much of the submarine threat to shipping in 1917 that we set out the facts of the case, which are of deep interest and importance now.

As the Great War began on August 4, 1914, there were nearly five months of warfare in that year, and in that period 241,000 tons of British and 70,000 tons of Allied and Neutral shipping were destroyed, the total losses being 311,000 tons.

In 1915 the losses increased and serious danger arose. The losses were: British 855,000 tons, Allied and Neutral 445,000 tons, total 1,300,000 tons. These facts caused much criticism of the Government, but little was done to meet the situation.

In 1916 the losses threatened the Allies with defeat. They increased to 1,237,000 British and 1,117,000 Allied and Neutral tons; total 2,354,000 tons. Down to the end of 1916 the total British, Allied and Neutral losses amounted to all but 4,000,000 tons.

In February 1917 the Germans began their "sink at sight" campaign, giving notice that they would sink without warning any British, Allied, or Neutral ships in the war zone. This was the result:

TONNAGE OF SHIPS LOST

1917	BRITISH	TOTAL TONNAGE
January	154,000 tons	359,000 tons
February	313,000 tons	536,000 tons
March	353,000 tons	603,000 tons
April	555,000 tons	875,000 tons

The enemy well knew our economic position, our dependence on shipping for food and materials. They knew also that the British merchant marine,

by lending ships to our Allies, kept them in the field. If the shipping link could be broken Britain would be starved into surrender and France and Italy driven to defeat.

The losses of April 1917 nearly brought about this disaster. If this rate of sinking had continued Britain could not have remained in the war another nine months.

Two things saved the situation. The first was that in December 1916 the Ministry of Shipping was formed, which promptly took charge of all our merchant ships. The second was that America declared war on Germany.

The last fact enabled the Ministry of Shipping to propose that shipping should be largely concentrated in the Atlantic, on a path made safe by convoys protected by the Allied and American navies.

The Atlantic convoys saved the nation. They enabled us to get more supplies in quicker time, because of the shorter voyage. They enabled us to protect the convoys so thoroughly that by January 1918 the Ministry of Shipping was able to tell Parliament that in six months 14,000,000 tons of shipping had been conveyed to England and France with a loss of much less than two per cent. By November in that year 47,000,000 tons had been conveyed with a loss of barely more than one per cent, and presently we were able safely to carry a great American army to France.

The case today is different, for we are in so strong a position that it would take centuries for the Germans to bring us into any real peril on the sea, even if they could do so at all.

WINTER TALES OF THE WRENS

WITH the Editor's letters the other day came a small box no bigger than the box a bit of wedding cake is sent in, and in it was a tiny scrap of feathers. It was a wren which had been alive a day or two before, and here is its pitiful story, told in the simple words of the note which came to explain it.

He was a friendly little fellow, said the letter. He would pop in and out of a circular iron post, through a hole the size of a penny in the ball on top. He called us with his song in the morning and did regular rounds of the garden walls and rockeries. The snow was too much for him, so he came indoors, flying freely up stairs and down, happy and unfrightened. Alas! the bath is kept full of water in these days—a war habit—and this morning he fell in. This wee scrap of a thing made the youngsters and me all sad. It seemed to comfort them to send it to you, somehow.

We take it as a touching compliment that it should be so; and this wee scrap of a thing, that was so happy by the

Cottage-on-the-Wall at Sandwich, will be a tender memory with us also.

By the same post came another letter to tell a story with a happier ending of a family party of wrens at Highcliffe in Hampshire. Again we quote the writer. At the beginning of February this lady noticed a little wren inspecting the tin box close to the dining-room window. She peeped in the hole, then flew all round the box; and while so engaged two more wrens appeared to see what there was in it for them. They buzzed round till one, bolder than the rest, popped into the hole, and then the others followed, and there they decided to roost for the night. Every day about the same time they have come back to the box, but the number has steadily increased till on a day late in January there were 11 wrens taking shelter there.

The story of these shy creatures, taking shelter with humans, seems to draw us closer together, and the tiny wren with its wings closed in its little box seems close to the tears of mortal things today.

LIFE SNATCHED FROM THE SWIRLING WATERS

THE Boys Brigade Cross for Heroism has been awarded to 13-year-old Ewan Cameron of Glasgow for saving a boy from drowning at Barwick Falls, Crieff, in Perthshire. Cameron is an evacuee.

A party of boys including Cameron were walking by a river near a waterfall. As they were clambering up the steep sides of the gorge one of the boys fell down a rocky slope into the swirling waters of a deep pool and disappeared. Cameron dived into the icy-cold water, but his friend could not be seen. Forcing

himself below the surface, he dimly saw the boy, although the disturbed state of the water made visibility difficult.

He grabbed him, brought him up, and succeeded in reaching the bank. The drowning boy was now unconscious, and Cameron had a hard struggle to keep hold of him, narrowly escaping being swept over another waterfall. He sent the other boys for help, and although drenched with icy water applied artificial respiration for fifteen minutes, and carried the rescued lad to a neighbouring farm, where he revived.

Cheerful News From Schools

THE OSLO MEAL

Gone are the days when children were disregarded by the State. Government Departments watch over them and measure them and report on them. The Board of Education, through its Chief Medical Officer Sir Arthur MacNalty, has given us a very cheerful report on child progress.

There is a notable increase in the size and weight of school children. In London the average boy of 12 is two inches taller and over 11 lbs heavier than the average boy of 25 years ago. The average London girl of 12 is two inches taller and over 12 lbs heavier.

In the old days children of the rich quarters of London were very much taller and heavier than children of the East End. This accusing difference still exists, but it is being reduced. So also with length of life. Thirty years ago the expectation of life of a Southwark boy was nearly nine years less than of a Hampstead boy; today the figures are coming nearer each other.

Poorly Nourished Children

There are serious defects still too prevalent among our children. In Jarrow one in four of the children examined in a recent survey was poorly nourished. War work is bringing better times to that dark area, but the report shows how difficult it is to educate underfed children. It is good to add that fewer than five per cent of elementary school children are now outside the milk schemes.

We are given interesting details of the success of what are known as the Oslo meals, the point of which is that a cold meal of brown bread, butter, cheese, salad, and fruit is substituted for a hot two-course meal. It is claimed that the simple cold meal is not only liked by the children, but that it produced a decided advantage in the height and weight of those taking it.

The experiment was carried out in East London from May 1938 to March 1939, and it would be interesting to know what would result from a longer test. The idea came from Sweden, as the name Oslo suggests. A point of interest is that the cold Oslo meal takes longer to eat because it needs more mastication, which is obviously good for the teeth. The salad varies; it may consist of lettuce, cabbage, tomatoes, or cucumber, according to season.

The Car in the Flood

We may be thankful that the floods in our small island are on a smaller scale than the floods of Rhodesia.

We hear of two motorists who, returning home to the Rhodesian Dulwich across the small River Chilsaiger, were compelled to leave their car halfway across the river and scramble to the bank, where they stood and saw the car carried fifty yards down the river and battered to pieces.

Another motorist fell out of his car into the flooded river and lost his coat with a wallet and £25 in the pocket.

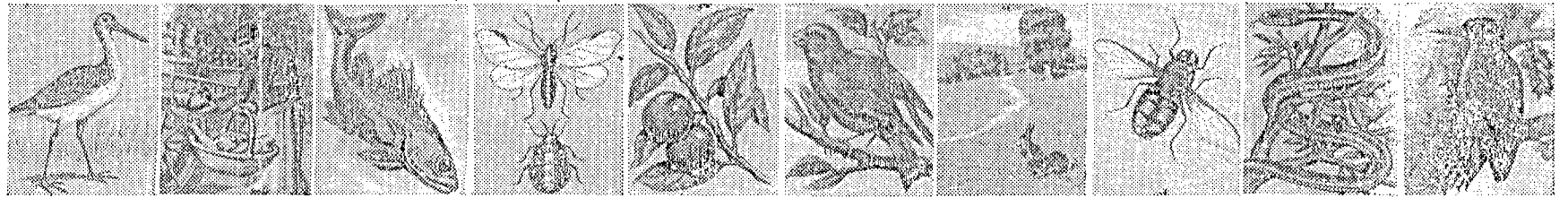
Hard Core

Hard Core is the name given by builders and contractors to broken stone or brick, or to other hard materials for roads and foundations.

Hard Core in unemployment is a term coined to describe the great body of men long out of work (for 12 months or more) which has so long existed among us. It was about 250,000 in September last. The war has done something for these men, and thousands have got work as the younger men have been taken for the fighting forces.

It should not surprise us that the war has not yet absorbed more of the unemployed, for as war jobs multiply peace jobs diminish. There are still about 1,300,000 out of work on any counting day.

C N WORD STRIP



Greenshank

Greengrocer

Green Bass

Green Fly

Greengage

Greenfinch

Greensward

Greenbottle

Green Snake

Green Woodpecker

The word green has the same origin as the word grow, the idea being that things which grow out of the earth are usually green

TEN GREEN THINGS

WHEN EUROPE WILL HAVE NO FOREIGNERS

THERE are many people who imagine that the idea of a United States of Europe (which we were foreshadowing the other day) is beyond all possibility.

It is said that so many conflicting interests could never come together. But it is pointed out in Arthur Mee's new book on Why We Had To Go To War that nowhere in the world are such conflicting interests as in the British Empire, yet its 500 million people live at peace together.

The fact is that there is nothing about the idea which is impossible, and that we must all hope for the development of a Europe governed in the common interest of all Europeans. If that is impossible, then the whole history of the world has been impossible, for the things that have happened have been precisely on those lines, in Europe and out of it.

We are fighting a Germany that does the will of a single man, but Germany about two lifetimes since had hundreds of separate States, and even living men remember it with dozens, each one like a foreign country to the other. The last war made in Europe was made by a Germany with nearly fifty legal systems and a hundred separate kinds of banknotes issued from its banks. The hostilities within these German States were such that it was said they bound Germany's limbs so that the

blood could not run through her veins. They were so distinct, even when at last they came together, that the Kaiser dare not call himself Emperor of Germany, but was satisfied to be styled the German Emperor.

Many living men remember also the days when Italy was cut up into petty kingdoms. In the early days of the Great War a man appeared in the streets of London wearing a worn-out cap. He was stirring up recruits, and a fine man he was to stir them, for he was one of Garibaldi's Thousand. He wore the Garibaldi cap, the cap of the boy who ran away to sea and was hunted for years as a criminal and sentenced to death as a bandit. But Garibaldi raised a thousand men, sailed from Genoa in two little ships, and fought for Italy. The Great Powers treated them as pirates, but Garibaldi was stronger than they, and in a few months he made Italy free, and made a king of the man who had sentenced him to death. All these petty kingdoms have become one.

We have seen in this century the federation of Australia, and the bringing of that vast continent under one control; and our grandfathers saw the federation of Canada. We have seen the drawing together of South Africa, with peoples and interests so conflicting that they brought about a war which excited our fathers when at school.

Our great-grandfathers saw the slow drawing together of the interests of India, the slow, sure tightening of the bond which bound together all those widely spread and hostile races who must have been for centuries almost the despair of Time itself. Their native laws had such provisions that if a man spoke of his superior with contempt his mouth was burned, if he insulted him his tongue was slit, if he sat on the same carpet with him he was maimed for life, if he listened to the reading of sacred books burning oil was poured into his ears. Yet centuries-old things like these have passed, and India flies one flag, and the world goes on.

As for America, surely the United States is the first wonder of the political world. In this great confederation States as wide apart as some European countries hold together and meet in Parliament. Beyond all that, moreover, there has been sown in America the seed of what must surely grow into a mighty league of nations that will dominate the Continent. The Pan-American Union is a voluntary organisation, but its members are Ambassadors and Ministers, and Congress votes money each year towards its expenses. It has a permanent home in Washington, where 21 Republics meet and discuss such things of interest as concern the American continent. They represent 12,000,000

square miles, the area of over five Europes, with some 200,000,000 people, and room for a thousand million more.

A ship coasting round the South American continent will cover more than 12,000 miles, and so wild and undeveloped are these enormous countries that even today it would take a man sixty days to travel across the widest part. It needs little imagination to see the possibility of war in lands like this, with every type of human being commingling. Yet even countries like these are feeling the dim beginnings of a mighty federation which in the end must draw them all together, and already they have found that federation pays, for the first ten years' fostering of these Republics more than doubled their trade. Of course it did: peace pays, and war does not.

It is the oldest of lessons, and we shall learn it. We have left behind the days when one village greets a man from the next with "Here's a foreigner; heave a brick at him!" and we are coming to the days when there will be no foreigners left. It has taken a long time—it was George Washington who said, "My first wish is to see war, the plague of mankind, banished from the earth." We have seen the great coming together in Australia, in America, in Asia, and in Africa; and at last we are seeing its dawn in Europe; and beyond the shadow of these days the sun will rise on our United States.

The Drama of Madman's Track

WE hear a good little story from across the world in Australia.

Mr Claude Saunders of Perth, who has long cherished ambitions to become a singer, and has had some success on the concert platform before the microphone, was three years ago transferred to Broome, on the North-West coast of Australia, as a telephone mechanic. Some months ago he figured in a drama of the North-West in which he was instrumental in saving a life.

A fault was reported in the line one day, and Mr Saunders left Broome by truck to find what had interrupted the

service. He travelled along Madman's Track, so named because many bushmen have lost their lives along it, and others have faced death near it, through lack of water. Halfway he came across a bundle lying against the telegraph line where the wire had been broken.

Now Mr Saunders started to search for the man he knew must be somewhere near, and a mile and a half away he found him, lying exhausted and nearly dead from thirst. The man was delirious and very weak, but was induced to sip some water and was carried back to the telegraph line where

Mr Saunders had left his truck, which had a full supply of water and provisions on it.

The bushman eventually told him that he had lost his way and had been without food and water for three days and nights until he reached the telegraph line. His only chance was to cut the wire. First he shot away the insulator cup at the top of the pole and brought down the wires; then he successfully severed the wires with another shot.

It happened that the Governor-General of Australia (Lord Gowrie)

made an aerial tour of Australia not long ago, and during the visit to Broome a public reception was held at which Mr Saunders was asked to sing. Lord and Lady Gowrie were charmed with his fine tenor voice and made inquiries about him. Lord Gowrie promised to help him in furthering his musical ambitions, and Mr Saunders was invited to Sydney to see the head of the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

So, no doubt, begins a musical career for this promising tenor who saved a man along Madman's Track.

In the Country Now—How to Distinguish the Various Wild Pigeons

THE birds are getting more active as spring approaches. Some, like the little golden-crested wren, are resuming their songs, and others, like the pied wagtail, that have wintered in the south of England, are beginning to show signs of moving north again.

The pied wagtail is a very interesting little bird, and gets its popular name of Peggy Dishwater from its habit of splashing about on the banks of ponds and streams, looking for food. Often it will rise with a jerky flight to catch an insect on the wing, but it more frequently hunts on foot. All the time it moves its tail in a very perky manner.

The domestic pigeon is beginning to lay, though the wild wood-pigeon, or ring-dove, does not nest till next month. It is worth while knowing how to distinguish the different kinds of wild pigeons. Of the ring-dove, stock-dove, and rock-dove, the first is the largest.

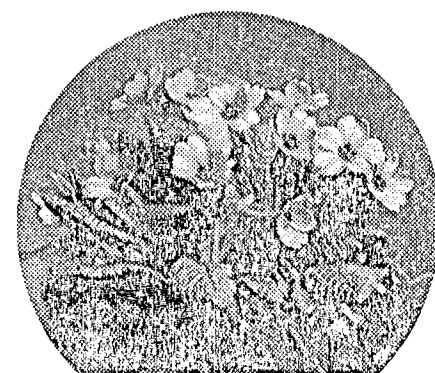
It is bluish grey in colour, with white patches on each side of the neck and white bars on each wing, which show conspicuously in flight.

The stock-dove is a pale silvery blue on the back, and has no white patch on the neck or bars on the wings. The rock-dove is smaller than the others, but has a very distinct patch of white above the tail and two black bars on the wings.

The young foreign wood-pigeons that come over to England for the winter and do such harm in the fields are midway in size between the ring-dove and the stock-dove, and, though resembling the ring-dove, have not the distinctive markings on the neck.

Partridges are pairing now, although they will not lay until May, and when they rear their families they are among the most domestic of birds. They are fertile in resourcefulness when danger threatens, and will even remove their

eggs from a place which has become dangerous. They have many enemies,



Primroses

one of these being the weasel, which in attacking the bird fixes its teeth in the neck and paralyzes one side of its victim.

Among moths that we may now see on the wing are the brindled ochre, the female of which survives the winter by hiding under heaps of stones; the spring usher, found near oak trees, on the trunks of which the wingless females crawl and hide; and the small brindled beauty, a misnamed creature, for both the male and female are very dowdy.

In the plant world the elder is putting out its leaves, the quince is flowering, primrose blossoms are showing well in sheltered spots, and the butcher's broom is in flower. This plant carries its very conspicuous scarlet berries right through the winter, like the holly.

Few would suspect that this stiff, prickly shrub is, like the asparagus, a member of the lily family. The insignificant white or purple flowers, spread out flat without stalks in the middle of the leaves, have nothing lily-like in their appearance.

SHIP AND PLANE

1000 Tons of Steel and 250,000 Rivets

The United States Navy has two 45,000-ton battleships building, and is considering ships of war of still greater tonnage.

The belief among American naval experts, after the triumph of our little cruisers over the Graf Spee, seems, however, to be that fast smaller ships with heavy guns and good armament are preferable to giants.

These great ships are veritable cities of steel, and steel, like all other war material, is at a premium. There are a thousand tons of steel in a little ship of 3000 tons. In a British bombing aeroplane there are actually over a quarter of a million rivets holding the structure together.

No wonder these metal structures run away with money at a ruinous pace, and no wonder that even America pauses to count their cost.

Footprints Long Ago

The students of Cincinnati University are quite overawed with the latest acquisition to their museum, *ten footprints in sandstone that were made by a prehistoric monster!*

One rainy day 250,000,000 years ago the monster, whose identity scientists have not been able to discover so far, took a walk along a muddy river bank. Not long ago a farmer took the same walk. By this time the mud had turned to sandstone, leaving the imprint of the monster's footsteps, which are nearly six inches across and more than an inch deep, and also the imprints of raindrops.

The farmer presented his discovery to the University Museum, who named the creature which made the footprints after their donor, Baropus Hainesi.

WHEN A CHILD IS FEVERISH, CROSS, UPSET



Colic, wind, disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, in babies and children, generally show food is souring in the little digestive tract.

When these symptoms appear, give Baby a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia.' Add it to the first bottle of food in the morning. Older children should be given their dose in a little water. This will comfort the child—make his stomach and bowels easy. In five minutes he is comfortable and happy. It will free the bowels of all sour, indigestible food. It opens the bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments. Children take it readily because it is palatable and pleasant-tasting.

Obtainable everywhere, at 1/3 & 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.



Six Planets in the South-West Sky

WHY ALGOL WAXES AND WANES

THE planet Mars, writes the C.N. astronomer, will appear very near to Saturn on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday next, February 12-13, during which he passes from left to right above Saturn. Afterwards Mars will travel farther and farther to the east of Saturn.

A week later Venus will appear close to Jupiter, and on Tuesday, February 20, will be only the apparent width of the Moon above him. Thus the two brightest planets so close together will be a striking sight, though distant moonlight will detract somewhat from their radiance.

Mercury is now approaching us and will soon be visible in the south-west, and thus add a sixth world to the grand gathering of planets now to be seen in the evening sky, the fifth being Uranus, which appears a little way to the east of Saturn and Mars.

Mercury will be much easier to observe the week after next, for then this elusive little world will not set until well over an hour after the Sun. He sets at about 6.30 on February 17, and gets later each evening until by February 24 it will be about 7.10 when he sets, or over one and a half hours after the Sun.

How to Find Mercury

We shall have, therefore, a good opportunity for seeing this little world that shines like a bright and golden first-magnitude star. Mercury will then be nearer to us than any of the other planets, though low in the south-west sky and not readily found against the twilight sky. Fortunately Venus will help us to find him, for if an imaginary line be drawn from Venus to that point on the horizon where the Sun has set, say half an hour previously, Mercury will be found near to this line and slightly above it, though much nearer to the horizon than to Venus. The earlier Mercury is looked for after sunset the higher he will appear above the horizon.

The most interesting stellar event that may be observed during the next fortnight is the partial eclipse of the

vast sun of Algol by the great dim world that revolves round it. We should look for this eclipse on Tuesday, February 13, and also when it occurs again on Friday, February 16.

Algol can be easily identified from the star-map of Perseus, a constellation not far from overhead at 6 p.m. and high up in the north-west later on. At about 6 o'clock, before the eclipse



The chief stars of Perseus showing the position of Algol

is seen to have progressed to any extent, Algol will appear almost as bright as the bright second-magnitude star Alpha, and very much brighter than Rho, which is a little way to the south of Algol. Now, if Algol is looked at occasionally during the next four hours, it will be seen gradually to be losing its light. This is because the eclipse is in progress, Algol's big world shutting off the light of this great sun which radiates normally about a hundred times more light than our Sun. By 10 o'clock only about one-sixth of Algol's normal light will be reaching us because that great world will have got in the way—or rather did so 120 years ago, the evidence of this event having taken this time to reach us.

In the course of the next three and a half to four hours the eclipse will gradually pass off and Algol will regain normal brilliance. It will be too late to watch for this, but three days later, on the evening of February 16, this passing off of the eclipsing world may be observed easily; this is because these eclipses recur at intervals of 2 days 20 hours and 49 minutes. So if Algol be observed on the Friday between 5 and 6 o'clock it will be near the middle of the eclipse, and so during the ensuing four hours it will be seen to regain its usual brilliance which nearly equals Alpha. G. F. M.

The Spiders Are Helping

SOME 634 spider generations ago Robert Bruce was inspired by the courageous persistence of one of these little animals to persevere in the struggle that was eventually to lead him to the throne of Scotland and his country to national independence.

Now, 634 spider generations later (allowing one such generation for each year since the Bruce-and-spider incident in 1306) spiders are helping the entire British Empire in its struggle against a ruthless foe.

Scientists find that, just as bees are exactly accurate in making one cell precisely the same in pattern and dimensions as its other cells, so spiders spin their webs of an almost unvarying

diameter. Therefore, if we have the precise measurements of one web we know the dimensions of the webs for the entire species.

So spiders are being boarded and lodged by naturalists associated with the Ministry of Supply in order that they may be artificially encouraged to spin webs and more webs to aid us in the war. Each web is carefully rolled into a ball until wanted, then it is unravelled and spread out on the lenses of the glasses that our officers and observers use at the Front and in the air. The webs make squares and patterns that help the watcher to note the flight and direction of the object on which the binoculars are trained.

The Engine That Came to Life

OWING to shortage of rubber a German firm from whom a Lithuanian dealer had ordered a thousand bicycles delivered the machines without tyres.

We know that Germany has kept the rubber because she is hard up for it, but if Lithuania were in danger of a German invasion we should expect the tyres to arrive from the Reich with a thousand German soldiers to fit them and to ride the bicycles, for there is a precedent for such a happening. Just before the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 (the first

of the three wars Germany has made in Europe) a German firm sold and delivered a traction engine to a French firm just beyond the frontier. When put to the test the engine would not go; nothing could make it move.

A few days later war broke out and the Prussians crossed into France. With them was a man who took out of his pocket and fitted to the engine a tiny part that had been missing. The locomotive began to work at once, hauling war material for the invaders!

WHY CAN'T I DO WHAT I LIKE?

The Boy Talks With the Man

The Boy. Why should I not do what I like, so long as I do not hurt anyone else? Why should law interfere with my liberty?

The Man. In asking your questions you have answered them. Modern laws are designed largely, but not entirely, to allow people to do just what they like so long as they do not inflict injury on their fellows.

Boy. But people are always complaining about the laws and saying they ought to be either altered or abolished.

Man. Those complaints are evidence of freedom—of freedom to criticise—and if they lead to an improvement in laws they do good. Mankind is always advancing in thought and power, and therefore laws must be continuously adjusted to new conditions.

Boy. But isn't it very hard on people when an existing law is out-of-date, and isn't it sometimes very difficult to get an old law altered?

Man. The answer to both your questions is Yes. Old laws have a tendency to remain unaltered, and it is often difficult to get Parliament to alter them because it has so much to do. In recent years, however, new laws pass through much more quickly than of old.

Boy. I suppose laws can hardly provide against every trouble?

Man. Laws have their limitations. They cannot provide against private and personal injustice, tyranny, and unkindness in matters that mean much to human life. There we enter the moral sphere and have to rely on the teaching of religion and ethics. It is also true that religion increasingly inspires law, and that in modern times laws come to affect human relations, as when we enact that all the country must subscribe to pay old age pensions or to help the needy and the sick. But such laws can only arise in a nation which has developed a social conscience.

Boy. Yet it would seem that if people are religious and care for each other as individuals the law would have no need to interfere.

Man. In a great population, in which it is impossible for people to know each other as they do in a small village, it is necessary to set up social laws of mutual assistance based on humane and religious feeling.

Boy. It all seems very complicated. I suppose the complication arises from the growth of great populations?

Man. Indeed it is so. Fifty or a hundred million people are difficult to govern with equity and with due regard to human liberty. But Liberty and Freedom are great words; and modern law is based on the conception that liberty comes through law. We have to aim at two things in making law. The first is that we must not hurt each other. The second is even more important; it is that we ought to help each other. We are free, but not free to harm. We are free, but we consent to be taxed to find the means to help our neighbour.

The Busy Bees and Their Pennies

Mr and Mrs W. Bone of East Sheen have formed a children's knitting circle and brought together 20 girls of school age who in seven weeks have completed seven blankets, 20 pairs of mittens, seven scarves, seven helmets, and two chest protectors.

All these are for the benefit of soldiers and sailors, and the girls, who are known as the Busy Bees, each give a penny weekly towards the cost of the wool.

A VOYAGE TO THE MOON

Cyrano de Bergerac's Flight of Fancy, Told in Two Instalments

Long before Jules Verne sent his travellers on a voyage to the Moon by firing them out of a gun, the idea of such a journey had been used by other writers. Chief among them was Bishop Godwin of Shakespeare's day. He wrote a highly imaginative account of the journey of Domingo Gonzales, who was said to have been carried to the Moon by a flight of swans. Among the imitators of Godwin's book was Cyrano de Bergerac, whose account is given briefly here. It was written nearly three centuries ago.

AFTER many experiments I constructed a flying machine, and, sitting on the top of it, I boldly launched myself in the air from the crest of a mountain. I had scarcely risen more than half a mile when something went wrong with my machine, and it shot back to the earth. But, to my astonishment and joy, instead of descending with it, I continued to rise through the calm, moonlight air. For three-quarters of an hour I mounted higher and higher. Then suddenly all the weight of my body seemed to fall upon my head. I was no longer rising quietly from the Earth, but tumbling headlong on to the Moon. At last I crashed through a tree, and, breaking my fall amongst its leafy, yielding boughs, I landed gently on the grass below.

I found myself in the midst of a wild and beautiful forest, so full of the sweet music of singing-birds that it seemed as if every leaf on every tree had the tongue and figure of a nightingale. The ground was covered with unknown lovely flowers, which had a magical scent. As soon as I smelt it I became twenty years younger. My thin, grey hairs changed into thick, brown, wavy tresses; my wrinkled face grew fresh and rosy; and my blood flowed through my veins with the speed and vigour of youth.

A Language of Music

I WAS surprised to find no trace of human habitation in the forest. But in wandering about I came upon two strong, great animals, about 12 cubits long. One of them came towards me and the other fled into the forest. But it quickly returned with 700 other beasts. As they approached me I perceived that they were creatures with a human shape, who, however, went on all-fours like some gigantic kind of monkey. They shouted with admiration when they saw me; and one of them took me up by the neck and flung me on his back, and galloped with me into a great town.

When I saw the splendid buildings of the city I recognised my mistake. The four-footed creatures were really enormous men. Seeing that I went on two legs, they would not believe that I was a man like themselves. They thought I was an animal without any reasoning power, and they resolved to send me to their queen, who was fond of collecting strange and curious monsters.

All this, of course, I did not understand at the time. It took me some months to learn their language. These Men of the Moon have two dialects: one for the nobility, the other for the common people. The language of the nobility is a kind of music; it is certainly a very pleasant means of expression. They are able to communicate their thoughts by lutes and other musical instruments quite as well as by the voice.

The common people, however, talk by agitating different parts of their bodies. Certain movements constitute an entire speech. By shaking a finger, a hand, or an arm, for instance, they can say more than we can in a thousand words. Other motions, such as a wrinkle on the forehead, a shiver along a muscle, serve to design words. As they use all their body in speaking in this fashion, they have to go naked in order to make themselves clearly understood. When they are engaged in an exciting conversation they seem to be creatures shaken by some wild fever.

Instead of sending me at once to the Queen of the Moon, the man who had captured me earned a considerable amount of money by taking me every afternoon to the houses of the rich people. There I was compelled to jump and make grimaces and stand in ridiculous attitudes in order to amuse the crowds of guests who had been invited to see the antics of the new animal.

A Welcome Encounter

BUT one day, as my master was pulling the rope around my neck to make me rise up and divert the company, a man came and asked me in Greek who I was. Full of joy at meeting someone with whom I could talk, I related to him the story of my voyage from the Earth.

"I cannot understand," I said, "how it was I rose up to the Moon when my machine broke down and fell to the Earth."

"That is easily explained," he said. "You had got within the circle of lunar influence, in which the Moon exerts a sort of sucking action on the fat of the body. The same thing often happens to me. Like you, I am a stranger on the Moon. I was born on the Sun, but, being of a roving disposition, I like to explore one planet after another. I have travelled a good deal in Europe, and conversed with several

persons whose names you no doubt know. I remember that I was once famous in ancient Greece as the Demon of Socrates."

"Then you are a spirit?" I exclaimed.

"A kind of spirit," he replied. "I was one of the large company of the Men of the Sun who used to inhabit the Earth under the names of oracles, nymphs, woodland elves, and fairies. But we abandoned your world in the reign of the Emperor Augustus; your people then became so gross and stupid that we could no longer delight in their society. Since then I have stayed on the Moon. I find its inhabitants more enlightened than the inhabitants of the Earth."

The First Meal

AT this point our conversation was broken off by my keeper. He saw that the company was tired of my talk, which seemed to them mere grunting. So he pulled my rope, and made me dance and caper until the spectators ached with laughter.

Happily, the next morning the Man of the Sun opened my cage and put me on his back and carried me away.

"I have spoken to the King of the Moon," he said; "and he has commanded that you should be taken to his Court and examined by his learned doctors."

As my companion went on four feet, he was able to travel as fast as a racehorse, and we soon arrived at another town, where we put up at an inn for dinner. I followed him into a magnificently furnished hall, and a servant asked me what I would begin with.

"Some soup," I replied.

I had scarcely pronounced the words when I smelt a very succulent broth. I rose up to look for the source of this agreeable smell; but my companion stopped me.

"What do you want to walk away for?" said he. "Stay and finish your soup."

"But where is the soup?" I said.

"Ah," he replied. "This is the first meal you have had on the Moon. You see, the people here only live on the smell of food. The fine, lunar art of cookery consists in collecting the exhalations that come from cooked meat and bottling them up. Then, at meal-time, the various jars are uncorked, one after the other, until the appetites of the diners are satisfied."

"It is no doubt an exquisite way of eating," I said; "but I am afraid I shall starve on it."

"Oh, no, you will not," said he. "You will soon find that a man can nourish himself as well by his nose as by his mouth."

And so it was. After smelling for a quarter of an hour a variety of rich, appetising vapours, I rose up quite satisfied.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Curate in the West Country—Life 70 Years Ago

THERE lived a curate in the beautiful Wye Valley in the year 1870. His name was Francis Kilvert, and he kept a diary which has now been published.

His was a gentle, affectionate, poetic nature; he wrote poetry which he wished to publish, yet probably never dreamed that his diary would be printed sixty years after his death. But the story of his daily life is exactly what we need if we wish to discover what life was like in the days of our great-grandfathers.

An Old Soldier's Story

We seem to know, after reading this diary, what the people of Clyro in Breconshire were like. We can see the Old Soldier who remembered the Peninsular War, in which he fought as a young man; what amazing stories he had to tell! Here is one which he told:

Talking of wolves, he said he remembered when the English army was in Spain at Corra, every night soon after sunset he used to see the wolves come down to drink at the river. Then they would walk up the hill again into the coverts and vineyards; sometimes there were four or five of them at once. They were like mastiffs, and as big.

On his rounds the curate used often to have a chat with the old people, who told him stories their fathers and grandfathers had told them. They told how Charles the Second had been in hiding in

that country, and one of them had a jug out of which the king had drunk. And along with these stories they had many customs, which Kilvert puts down:

Mrs H has two pet toads, which live together in a deep hole in the bottom of a stump of an old tree. She feeds them with breadcrumbs when they are at home, and they make a funny squeaking noise when she calls them.

Some strange forms of magic were still in use. A thief had stolen goods from Jones the jockey, and we read how Jones believed he could find the name of the thief. He made a ball of clay, and inside he put a live toad. The clay ball was either boiled or put into the fire, and during this process the toad was expected to scratch the name of the thief on a piece of paper put into the clay ball along with him!

But it was in this very year (1870) that the great Bill which gave education to all children was passed. The village schoolmaster in Clyro shook his head at the news, but that Bill was bound to put an end, though not at once, to many of the foolish customs which were still kept in 1870.

The people had their lighter moments. There were, for example, Penny Readings, entertainments at which sometimes Kilvert would read poems and others would sing ballads. Once at a concert

the bishop was visiting the village, a very great scholar, famous to all who read Greek history; but he got into hot water through closing the concert too soon. But it is pleasant to picture Thirlwall, the Greek historian, announcing the next item on the programme! Wasn't there something to be said for the old Penny Readings? The villagers, rich and poor, met together there, and they did give what they had to give, song or reading—poor it might be, but the best they had.

Absent-Minded Wordsworth

The year 1870 does not seem long ago; but Kilvert learned many things at first hand about Wordsworth from Miss Hutchinson, who was the niece of the poet's wife Mary. She carried in a brooch "two locks of grey hair from the heads of the poet and his wife." She used to tell how the poet could not bear the act of writing, and if it had not been for his wife and sister, she said, he would have written little. He was so absent-minded that he could walk through a flock of sheep without perceiving them.

Kilvert died while he was still young in 1877, but it is good to know him still in his diary, a very gentle friend to the people of that west country. His book is published by Jonathan Cape.

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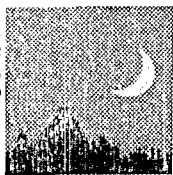
THE BRAN TUB

The Front Row

WALKING with a friend one day, Fritz Kreisler passed a fish shop where a fine catch of codfish, with mouths open and eyes staring, were arranged in a row. Kreisler stopped, looked at them, and, clutching his friend by the arm, exclaimed: "Heavens! That reminds me—I should be playing at a concert!"

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are in the west; and Uranus is in the south-west. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 6 o'clock on Sunday evening, February 11.



Proverbs From Japan

INDOLENCE is a powerful enemy. Sufficient dust will make a mountain. Great words, little deeds. Good medicine tastes bitter. He who breaks through a thicket disturbs the snakes. He who holds a tiger brings trouble on himself. The mouth is the door of mischief. Too much courtesy is discourtesy. The frog in the well knows nothing of the high seas.

What Happened On Your Birthday

Feb. 11 Edison born . . . 1847
12 Darwin born . . . 1809
13 Massacre of Glencoe . . . 1692
14 Captain Cook killed . . . 1779
15 Galileo born . . . 1564
16 Russo-Japanese War declared . . . 1904
17 Heine died . . . 1856

Mrs O

EVERY week a certain African girl came to the overseer for her wages, and as she could not write she made a cross in the receipt book. But one week she made a circle instead.

The overseer asked her why she did not make a cross as usual, and she told him, gravely, that she had been married the day before and changed her name!

The Weather

WHAT is it moulds the life of man? The weather. What makes some black and others tan?

The weather. What makes Papuans live in trees, And Congo natives dress in leaves, While others go in furs and freeze?

The weather. What makes the cost of living high?

The weather. What makes the great Sahara dry?

The weather. What is it men in every clime Will talk about till end of Time?

What drove the writer's pen to rhyme?

The weather.

Word Puzzle

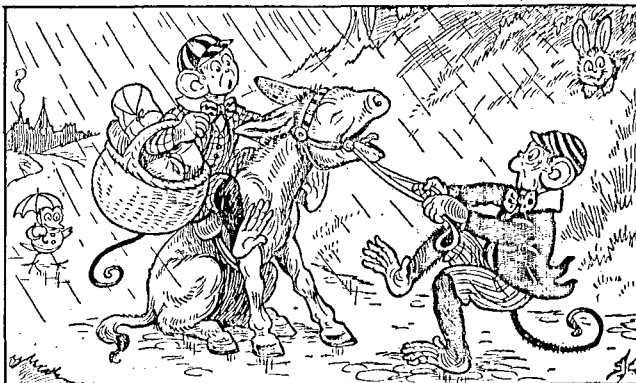
A TROPHY, prized when it is won, Aptly describes this little noun. Chop off its head and you will find That, by that act, it is not down.

Answer next week

The Goldfish

THE goldfish never sleeps, they say— A fate which, frankly, I should dread; Yet often, in my little pond, I see him resting on the bed.

The Donkey Laughs Last



It was a long walk to the farm. "Wish I had a motor-bike," growled Chimp. "Hee-haw!" laughed a donkey from over the hedge. Jacko grinned, and in a twinkling both boys were on its back. "Gee up!" they cried. The donkey started off. And then, for no reason at all, it pulled up and refused to budge. Jacko scrambled down and tugged at the halter, while Chimp made coaxing noises with his tongue. "Come on!" shouted Jacko impatiently. Suddenly the donkey shot forward. Up went its hind legs, and off it went like the wind, sending the boys sprawling. "Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"

Save Turnip Tops

WHEN preparing turnips or swedes for cooking it is a mistake to throw the tops of the vegetables away. If planted and kept in a dark place they provide a useful vegetable which is like sealark in flavour. Fill pots or boxes with soil and set the vegetable tops. A cellar, a cupboard under the stairs, or any similar position would be suitable. Keep the soil a little moist and soon strong shoots come from the tops, blanched owing to the absence of light. Before boiling the shoots tie them together in small bundles.

Mysterious Numeral

UNTO a certain numeral One letter add; sad fate! What first was solitary You will annihilate.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Arithmetical Enigma. MIMIC (M=1000, C=100)

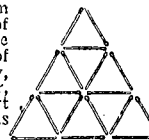
Jumbled Waters. Torbay, The Wash, Scapa Flow, Pentland Firth, Solway Firth, Spithead.

Little Science Problem. The water will not spill over. Every floating body displaces its own weight of the liquid in which it floats, and therefore the water from the melted ice will have the same volume, that is fill the same space, as the volume of the water originally displaced by the ice.

Peter Puck's Fun Fair

Mistakes Picture. Picture upside-down in frame, cup handle reversed, fork instead of spoon in saucer, no Feb. 29 in 1939, pencil in inkwell, pages of book bulge outward, plant growing through bottom of pot, wings of plane at rear, smoke coming from roof instead of chimney, chimney over door, door too high, part of chair back has no support.

Match Triangles



Ici on Parle Français

Rex's Ruse

Rex, the dog, was much annoyed because his master would dig in the garden instead of throwing a ball and playing with him. He brought the ball and put it near his master many times, but in vain.

Then a new plan seemed to strike him, and he dropped the ball in the hole his master had dug. Of course, it was thrown out. Then Rex brought the ball back and dropped it in the hole again; and so the game went on, in spite of the digging.

La Ruse de Rex

Rex, le chien, était fort vexé parce que son maître s'obstinait à creuser au jardin au lieu de lui lancer une balle et de jouer avec lui. Il apporta la balle et, à plusieurs reprises, la déposa près de son maître, mais en vain.

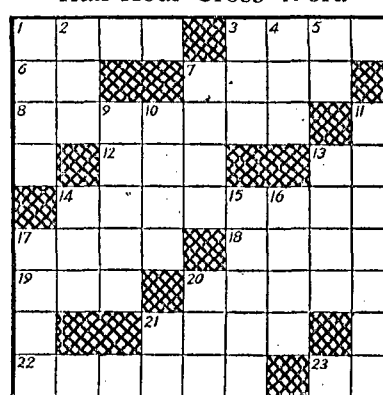
Alors un nouveau projet parut lui venir en tête, et il laissa tomber la balle dans le trou que son maître avait fait. Force fut de l'en sortir. Rex rapporta la balle et la laissa retomber dans le trou; et le jeu continua, malgré les coups de bêche.

Reading Across. 1 Means of approach to a house. 3 Open. 6 A preposition. 7 A time-keeper's face. 8 Quicksilver. 12 A beverage. 13 Bachelor of Arts. 14 A seller of garments. 17 To cease marching. 18 Caesar was warned to beware of these. 19 One of many, indefinitely. 20 Very slow-moving animal. 21 A seabird. 22 An excellent drink is made from these fruits. 23 Chemical symbol for aluminium.

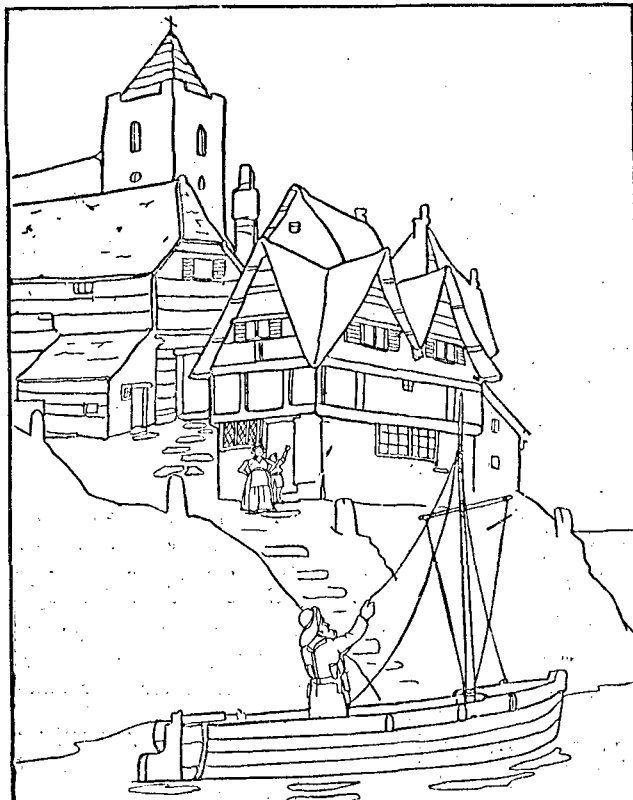
Reading Down. 1 A big cupola. 2 A single thing. 3 Coniferous tree. 4 A gleam. 5 Electric light. 7 Musical composition for two. 9 To reform into an orderly body. 10 To cause to coagulate. 11 A military officer of high rank. 13 Root crop from which sugar is made. 14 A container. 15 Small mountains. 16 An image. 17 Frozen rain. 20 Earth's luminary. 21 To walk.

Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks. Answer next week

Half-Hour Cross Word



CN PAINTING COMPETITION



Ten Shillings Each For Two Readers and Half-Crowns For 15 Others

LET the CN help you to earn some extra pocket-money. Two prizes of ten shillings each are offered for the best attempts to colour this picture of a fishing village, and 15 half-crowns for the next best entries.

Cut out the picture and paste it on a postcard. When the paste has dried colour the picture with paints or crayons, and write your name, address, and age on the card. Post it to CN Competition Number 95, 21 Whitefriars Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, February 15.

This competition is for girls and boys of 15 or under, and allowance will be made for age when judging. Only one attempt can be accepted from each reader, and the Editor's decision will be final.

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